

## Sarajevo Divided Over Peace Plan

John Pomfret in Sarajevo

SARAJEVO'S reaction to the signing of Bosnia's peace deal in Paris was summed up last week by two different messages to President Clinton.

One, a cartoon on the front page of Oslobođenje, the main daily for the Muslim side of the Bosnian capital, showed Clinton as a roly-poly Santa Claus doling out early Christmas presents to Muslims, Croats and Serbs. The other message was a banner, strung across a street in one of the five Serb suburbs that under the peace plan is to revert to Bos-

nian government control. "America," it said, "thank you for peace but where should we go now?"

The different responses underscored one of the most stunning reversals in Bosnia since war erupted here in April 1992. For 43 months, the Muslims of Sarajevo have been viewed as the great losers of this battle, suffering a brutal siege of sniper fire and mortar shelling.

The Serbs, their besiegers, have played the role of the victor, studying the city from field glasses, ambulating over to a howitzer, training their sights on an apartment building and blasting away. Now, sud-

denly, with the signing of a peace plan for Bosnia, the roles are reversed. Formerly beleaguered Sarajevo is flooded with bananas, diesel fuel, Swiss chocolate, squid and a modicum of hope. Three radio stations vie for listeners with the latest in gangsta rap and Motown classics.

On the Serb side, triumph has turned quickly to defeat. Suburbs like Ilidza and Vogosca, which once got rich on black market deals by selling fuel and fish to Sarajevo, now have their hand out. Old ladies hawk gasoline from soda bottles in the slush. Serb soldiers at checkpoints beg foreign reporters to fill

up rusty Jerry cans at the nearest Muslim pump.

"We are at your mercy," said Dusan Panic, a 25-year-old soldier who pleaded with one reporter to buy his 2-year-old son some chocolates on the Muslim side. When told that just a few months ago, the best fudge came from stores on his side, he smiled wistfully. "Things change," he said.

Under the peace deal, most of Sarajevo, which has been divided since the war began, will revert in three months to control of the Muslim-dominated government. The estimated 70,000 Serbs who live in Serb-controlled territory are reportedly fearful at the prospect of living under Bosnian President Alija

Izetbegovic. In a non-binding referendum on the peace deal held last week, more than 90 percent of them voted against it.

Serb officials have asked representatives of the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees for assistance in digging up their cemeteries so that "they can carry their dead with them when they go," said one U.N. official.

While U.N. officials acknowledge that some of the opposition in Serb-held areas around Sarajevo to the deal is genuine, an intense propaganda campaign by the Bosnian Serb leadership has magnified it. Every night Bosnian Serb serves up a heavy dose of shrill reporting designed to startle any Serb who might have plans to stay.

## Aristide's 'Twin' Heads for Victory

Douglas Farah in Port-au-Prince

RENE PREVAL, the man widely predicted to sweep to victory in Sunday's elections, has such a close relationship with President Jean-Bertrand Aristide that supporters call them "the twins" despite their sharp differences in temperament and upbringing.

According to recent polls, Préval, 51, who was handpicked and endorsed by Aristide, could win the support of up to 72 percent of voters. None of the other 13 candidates has drawn more than 15 percent. If no one wins more than 50 percent of the vote, a second round with the top two candidates will be held in January.

While Aristide, a former Roman Catholic priest, grew up in poverty, Préval is from an upper-middle-class rural family and he studied agronomy in a prestigious Belgian university. He mingled with the Haitian exile community in Europe while Aristide was organizing popular organizations to overthrow the Duvalier dictatorship.

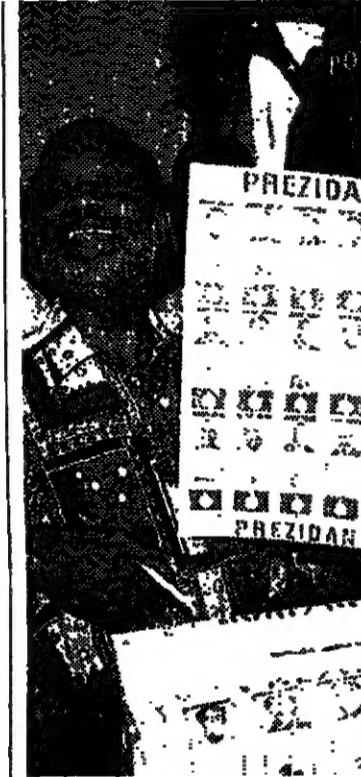
Préval's father was a minister of agriculture before François Duvalier came to power in 1957. The Préval family fled in 1963, moving to Europe. His experience abroad, according to his friends, gave him a much more sophisticated understanding of how the world works than Aristide had.

"For example, Aristide understands nothing about economics," said one person who works with both Préval and Aristide. "Préval does. Clearly he is more conscious of the importance of the international community and a good bit more aware of trying to seek some sort of middle ground with the elite. He knows them and they know him."

Préval spent several years in New York, then returned to Haiti around 1982 and opened a bakery. He and Aristide began working together more than a decade ago when a mutual friend, Antoine Izemery, introduced them. Izemery, a wealthy merchant and principal financier of Aristide's 1990 presidential campaign, was assassinated by military thugs in 1993.

Aristide rose to prominence as a mesmerizing speaker while Préval worked with grass-roots organizations. He remains awkward and nervous in public appearances. Both survived numerous assassination attempts. The two were together at the St. John Bosco Church, Aristide's parish, in September 1988 when heavily armed army thugs burst into a Mass and killed 13 people. The two escaped through a side door.

Préval, known affectionately as TI Rene or Little Rene because of his diminutive stature, was crucial in



Préval voting in Sunday's polls

which only was reversed 14 months ago when a U.S.-led force brought back Aristide and Préval.

Now, if Préval wins, the challenge will be for the two to oversee the first peaceful transfer of power in the nation's turbulent 191 years as an independent nation. Préval, after spending years being overshadowed by Aristide in the Lavas movement, seems more comfortable in the wings and has promised to govern "hand in hand" with Aristide — who is prohibited constitutionally from seeking consecutive terms.

Leslie Voltaire, Aristide's chief of staff and a close friend of Préval, described Préval as "very shy, loyal and practical. He delegates a lot of authority, sometimes too much. He is very pragmatic."

Pragmatic, however, is not a word many would have used to describe Préval in the early days of the Aristide government. He was more distrusted by many at the U.S. Embassy and in the Haitian business class than was Aristide. Aristide was widely viewed as a radical, embracing liberation theology and its elements of Marxism, while decrying capitalism as a "mortal sin." And Préval was viewed as even further to the left.

In August 1991, the fractious Parliament demanded that Préval, as prime minister, appear for question-

ing and possible censure. Aristide objected strongly. Massive demonstrations around the Parliament building by supporters of Aristide and Préval forced the legislators to adjourn before taking up the censure motion. The demonstrators set tires ablaze, set one building on fire, wrecked a political party headquarters and attacked two legislators.

While burning tires, the demonstrators chanted, "Don't lay a finger on Préval. You will get burned," in what many observers viewed as a threat to use the gasoline-soaked tires as "necklaces," putting them around the neck of opponents.

The demonstrations helped set the climate for the bloody military coup that toppled the government.

During the coup, Préval went into hiding and, with the help of Izemery, was taken in the trunk of a French diplomat's car to asylum at the French Embassy. From there, he made his way to Mexico, then joined Aristide in Washington during most of the three years of exile.

While 20,000 U.S. troops occupied the nation last year to restore democratic rule and oust the military, some 6,000 U.N. troops remain, including about 2,300 Americans, to help stabilize the nation.

"If Haiti can establish a process whereby a tremendously popular president leaves office voluntarily, democracy will have taken a huge step here," said a veteran diplomat. "Even if power is going from one twin to another, the fact there is a transfer is very important."

## Canadian Professor Stirs Freedom Debate

Charles Trueheart in Toronto

COOLLY testing the outer limits of academic freedom, a part-time journalism professor here has begun talking unrepentantly about his after-hours work as a prostitute and his private views that man-boy sex can be acceptable.

The case was ignited last month, when Gerald Hannon, a magazine writer who teaches a journalism course at Ryerson Polytechnic University, was exposed in a Toronto tabloid as a published exponent of "inter-generational sex," specifically between adult men and adolescent boys.

Hannon's colleagues and students, Ryerson's administration and faculty union, and most of the city's journalism community rallied to the popular professor's defense.

Although he has written sympathetic articles about paedophilia and openly argues that healthy intimate relationships are possible between

generations, no evidence has surfaced that Hannon ever discussed the subject in his classes. It has come up, he and students have said, only in the context of journalism law.

Apparently emboldened by his new status as a crusader for academic freedom, Hannon spilled another sensational tale recently. He said he supplemented his teaching and writing income by advertising sexual services in newspaper ads. "My niche is men who find older men attractive," said Hannon, who is 51.

Prostitution is legal here, and once again there was no evidence that Hannon ever conducted or touted his sex business on campus or with students. But under a torrent of bad publicity, Ryerson President Claude Lajeunesse suspended Hannon and barred him from the downtown Toronto campus pending an investigation into whether his "alleged conduct is unbecoming his status as a member of the teaching community of Ryerson."

"They hired me for two reasons: I'm a good writer and I'm a good teacher," Hannon said recently. "Nothing has been changed by the discovery that I'm a prostitute as well. Nothing." He was joined at a news conference by representatives of the Writers Union of Canada and the union representing Ryerson's part-time teachers, as well as by faculty and students.

Hannon continued to insist that relationships between men and boys can be beneficial, citing a recent conversation with a 54-year-old man who was still grateful for having had such an experience when he was 9.

Jonathan Knight, an official of the American Association of University Professors in Washington, said he could think of no recent case involving a faculty member in a U.S. university facing sanctions because of private sexual conduct or ideas. He said such cases typically arise in church-related institutions where professors are expected to be role models in private and public, not just pedagogues.

## War of Words at U.N.

John M. Goshko

SECRETARY General Boutros Boutros-Ghali and U.S. Ambassador Madeleine K. Albright last week shattered the United Nations' normal atmosphere of decorous diplomatic discourse when Boutros-Ghali denounced the "vulgarity" of her language. Albright, in turn, replied that his accusation was "unacceptable."

The exchange, sparked by a dispute over whether the United Nations or NATO should oversee a peacekeeping force in the disputed region of Croatia known as Eastern Slavonia, was almost unheard of in a forum where a term like "counter-productive" is considered the outer limits of fighting words. It marked a new flareup of the tensions that frequently have affected U.S. relations with Boutros-Ghali in the four years since the veteran Egyptian diplomat became secretary general.

The argument came as diplomats have been speculating whether Boutros-Ghali, whose term expires at the end of 1996, will seek a second five-year term and whether the

United States would support him. The Clinton administration disagrees with many of Boutros-Ghali's policies and priorities, and it has said privately that it hasn't decided whether to back his re-election.

However, Albright issued a statement saying that she "does not want to extend this disagreement with the secretary general any further." Other U.S. diplomats added that this latest tiff did not denote an irreparable breach between Washington and Boutros-Ghali. The question of U.S. backing if he seeks another term remains open, they added.

The sharp exchange took place during a closed meeting of the Security Council. Sources who were present said Boutros-Ghali, speaking in French, referred to criticism of him made by Albright and said he was "shocked by the statement of the American spokesman and shocked by its vulgarity."

Perhaps the final word came from a French diplomat, who said "Actually we don't think 'vulgarity' was the most precise translation of what he said. We think the term he had in mind was 'tasteless'."

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## Comeback Kid wins duel in the sun

THE YEAR IN THE USA  
Martin Walker

IT WAS the year of the graphs. Wall Street stocks rose and rose, apparently defying economic gravity to break record after record. The dollar plunged and then soared against the Japanese yen. The Clinton administration boasted that it had maintained its record of creating 2 million new jobs a year. The stock of the Republican leader, Speaker Newt Gingrich, sank and sank, while the approval ratings of President Clinton and his reputation in international affairs rose on an almost reciprocal trajectory.

The only unchanging trend in the game of political snakes and ladders was that of Senator Robert Dole, who ended the year as he had started it, the dully predictable Republican front runner for the presidential nomination. Aged and unexciting at 72, and as far from the radical conservative pyrotechnics of Speaker Gingrich as he was from the glib, resilient energies of President Clinton, Mr Dole appeared to be the tortoise in a race of hares. Even the blaze of hope and publicity which engulfed retired General Colin Powell in the summer and autumn could not deter the dogged Dole as he continued his stately plod towards his last chance at the White House.

But that brief and tantalising starburst of Colin Powell was entirely characteristic of an American year that was punctuated by such flares. The first was the real explosion of Oklahoma City in April, when more than 180 people inside a federal government office building were killed by a large home-made bomb. The trials have yet to start, but this act of domestic terrorism appears to have been the work of a shadowy new militia movement of people who believe that their government is engaged in an authoritarian conspiracy against traditional American freedoms.

The second nova that flared across the airwaves and the press was the conclusion to the long, long trial of O.J. Simpson. He was acquitted by a largely black jury of murdering his estranged wife and a restaurant waiter who was visiting her. Despite much play with DNA evidence by an unimpressive prosecution, the defence managed to persuade the jury to cast its verdict for a different trial altogether — whether Simpson had been the victim of a plot to frame him by palpatist racist white police.

The third great blaze of the year was a sympathetic explosion, detonated by the O.J. trial, the million-man march of black males in Washington convened by the Nation of Islam leader, Louis Farrakhan. Convinced that AIDS and drug abuse are white conspiracies aimed at destroying black America, Farrakhan managed to exploit the racial tensions of the O.J. trial to rally twice as many black Americans



to his march as ever gathered for Dr. Martin Luther King. In the event, Farrakhan's speech was a weird mix of ancient Egyptian mysticism and postmodern sociological sense. America's black males should take responsibility for their own communities and their own families.

There were some common threads that connected these great flurries of national attention. Common to Colin Powell and O.J. Simpson and the million man march was that besetting obsession with race, as if it were the original sin of American democracy since slavery. Each of the three men had taken an entirely characteristic route of ambition: black Americans to prominence and prosperity: Powell through the military, O.J. through sport and entertainment; and Farrakhan to radical politics by way of religion.

In each case, something went awry. America might finally have been ready to embrace a black president, but Powell was not ready for the attempt. America might have responded to that great groan of black pain from the million man march, but they could not abide the anti-Semitic messenger in his bow tie with his bodyguards in comic opera uniform.

A prominent black American might finally have been given a fair trial on charges of murdering his white wife, but a fair trial was precisely what Simpson did not get.

The prosecution was poisoned by the perjured racism of a white detective who denied using the word "nigger", although it was often on his lips. And the defence injected that poison back into the deliberations, not only of the jury, but into a broader national audience whose white members were overwhelmingly convinced of his guilt, while his black members were equally confident of his innocence.

THE common thread linking these events to Oklahoma City was the perennial American theme of conspiracy: that life was being manipulated by shadowy and sinister forces. Whether by a group of gun-loving white zealots in camouflage suits, by a jury in Los Angeles, by a mass rally of black men in Washington, the evil conspirators had to be resisted. That was the American way, from the patriots of 1776 to the plots of countless Hollywood movies. The elevation of self-interest into virtue, of paranoia into principle, of outsider into hero, is not only an American art form; there would not be much left of American art without it.

That was also the strategy that President Clinton devised to challenge the new Republican ascendancy in Congress. The wicked Gingrichites were plotting to destroy American values, by undermining the Medicare system for the elderly, the Medicaid system for the

poor, the college loan programme for the ambitious, and the network of rules and regulations that protected the natural environment. But the president, mentally screening his favourite movie High Noon, would go alone into that dusty street and do righteous battle against the bad guys.

The Republican project gave Clinton the chance to define himself by standing stalwart guard over those core achievements of the New Deal and the Great Society which enjoyed broad popular support. He seized the opportunity, cast veto after veto, allowed the government to start closing down as 800,000 federal workers were sent home for three days, and made speech after speech about "the violation of our values". All along, however, he was prepared to concede the fundamental Republican target of balancing the budget within seven years.

Beneath the surface of this battle over the budget, a very parallel drama unfolded within each political party. The dispirited and much-diminished Democrats in Congress, reduced by the 1994 mid-term elections to a largely liberal core which constantly shed southern conservative defectors to the Republicans, grappled for an identity. In the White House was a New Democrat who insisted on being tough on crime, on reforming welfare and exposing American workers to the stormy competition of free trade. In

the Congress were protectionists, liberals who deplored America's grim precedent in incarcerating more of its citizens than any other country, and minority legislators who saw welfare reform as a code phrase for abandoning an underclass in which minorities were disproportionately represented.

In the Republican party, the fissures were even more confusing. There were the cautious old hands of the Senate led by Dole, and the firebrands of the House led by Gingrich. There were the Christian Coalition supporters who battled to outlaw abortion, and the liberal Republicans who thought that the sleeping dog was better left undisturbed. There were isolationists and internationalists, passionate free traders and that reborn America First protectionist Pat Buchanan. Adding to the confusion were the fiscal Ayatollahs of the House with their passion for flat taxes, some of them even rallying to repeal the 16th Amendment to the Constitution, which authorises income tax.

It was, therefore, a year of tumultuous political realignment, in which conservatives stopped conserving very much, and tried, in Gingrich's words, "to dismantle the liberal welfare state and replace it with the conservative opportunity society". But Gingrich lost the aura of visionary leadership that he had won by marshalling the new Republican majority. He whined at being treated with insufficient respect aboard the presidential plane, and said that he had reached his target of seven years to balance the budget through "intuition". The House ethics committee, after much delay, appointed an independent counsel to investigate his murky financial affairs, and the Federal Election Commission filed charges in federal court that his Gopac organisation had broken campaign finance laws.

Clinton's authority over his party in Congress was never strong, and the continuing Whitewater embarrassments eroded it further. By the end of the year, the refusal of the president and his aides to comply with subpoenas from the Senate banking committee and to hand over notes of meetings between his private and his presidential lawyers was heading for a clash in the courts between the prerogatives of the executive and the legislature.

By sheer coincidence, this standoff took place as the billboards of American were plastered with the slogan "Nixon in '96", to promote the

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## Unrestrained capitalism the real issue for Labour

WHILE it is quite understandable for the British Labour party to learn lessons from its Antipodean cousins, and we have much more in common with the Australian labour movement than with the previously idolised American Democrats, Labour will ultimately have to choose its own way. That this is already happening was touched upon by Martin Kettle ('Keating has a lesson for New Labour', December 17), as he described the compact between organised labour and the Australian Labor Party, which protected a section of the population from the impact of privatisation and deregulation, ironically introduced by prime ministers Hawke and Keating. At the moment there is no sign of a similar compact in Britain, and here the debate has moved on: for privatisation, deregulation and tight fiscal control have brought about poverty, unemployment and de-industrialisation on a scale hitherto unknown since the thirties.

No such compact existed in New Zealand, whose last Labour government pursued a radical foreign policy, while unleashing the unfettered forces of the free market, dubbed 'Rogernomics' after the finance minister who, in defiance of electoral gravity, pursued monetarist goals with an enthusiasm not even matched by Mrs Thatcher.

So the New Zealand Labour Party languishes at 16 per cent and falling in the polls, and has recently been overtaken by the new Alliance Party, comprising socialists and environmentalists — and now the main opposition.

This all goes to show that, compact or no compact, parties of the left stand or fall on those basic issues of

job creation, decent public services and economic growth. And parties of the left will continue to be weak so long as they fail to challenge unrestrained capitalism.

Mark Seddon,  
Editor, Tribune, London

MARTIN KETTLE's report on Australia's Labor government fairly portrays its many achievements. However, the article did not fully acknowledge the importance of the trade unions' role in Australia, which has been about much more than delivering pay restraint in return for the government delivering on the social wage.

Many of Australia's recent industrial and social achievements have their origins in initiatives taken by the Australian Council of Trade Unions. The ACTU itself promoted union mergers and amalgamations, the restructuring of the award system which determines pay levels, and major initiatives on training and superannuation. The accord process has worked so well because the trade union movement recognised the economic challenges facing Australia and was itself prepared to come up with imaginative policies to improve industrial competitiveness, while at the same time seeking to protect and enhance working conditions and trade union organisation.

Kettle suggests that British unions have a narrow wages and conditions agenda, and are unlikely to adopt the strategic approach pursued by the ACTU. However, unions here have also learnt from the Australian experience and from having faced four consecutive terms of Conservative government. Nobody is saying that the accord process could

or should be replicated here, but the signs are that unions will indeed have a broad and strategic agenda in any discussions with an incoming Labour government.

Patrick Quinn,  
Branscombe, Devon

## Target Nigerian regime, not Shell

I AM PUZZLED to find in the Guardian Weekly what amounts to a plea for ethical world management by multinational corporations ('A world forced to keep bad company', December 3). Martin Wollacott states that multinationals should act morally; that there are many governments that behave immorally; and that deregulation and internationalisation of trade and industry have given multinationals great power. But there seems to be a wide gulf between these charges and his conclusion that "if corporations are world managers today, they are not good ones — because they work on the basis of an almost complete separation of trade from politics".

Thank goodness they do. World government by business would be even worse than the national government by business from which we in Britain currently suffer. The problem is surely how to establish democratic international control over multinational business, not how to persuade the multinational "world managers" to govern us more ethically.

If we could maintain a more rigorous distinction between business and government, we might see more plainly that we should be pressing for action against the Nigerian regime, not against Shell.

Those who have been clamouring for a boycott of Shell because of its failure to persuade the Nigerian government to execute Ken Saro-Wiwa, or its failure to persuade the Nigerian government to allocate more oil revenues to the Ogoni people would, I suspect, be the first to protest if Shell were found to be interfering in the internal political affairs of the UK. Or is business interference in politics all right so long as it is in a cause that we agree with?

Brian Barber,  
London

"OVERT violation of normal western ethical principles" is justified by a professor of marketing at Miami University ("Ethics and good business go hand in hand", December 3) in the pursuit of making "significant money".

What is the name of his course, Imperialism 101?

Lois Griffiths,  
Christchurch, New Zealand

## The saving of Poland

"YOUNG technocrats" governing with "pragmatism and social sensitivity" sweep away the "Thatcherite ideologies" — a beautiful allegory to warm the hearts of Britons who have suffered 16 years of Thatcherism. Unfortunately, Jonathan Steele's article ("Big Bang brought end to communist bogey", November 26) does not accurately portray the events of Poland's recent past. Wales has lost, but the business of government continues as before.

Steele makes two shrewd obser-

vations but fails to follow them through. Kwasniewski's victory certainly represents "the defeat of the anti-communists" in the summer Wales's poll rating was 8 per cent, but people eventually (reluctantly) backed him as the only man to beat Kwasniewski.

However, there was another factor at work, connected with the "cult of the personality" Steele sees around Wales: half of those who supported minor candidates in the first round subsequently backed Kwasniewski; and among the undecided, there was a very personal anti-Wales vote, caused by doubts over his intellectual capability, competence and misgivings about his close ties with the "church" hierarchy. Wales's "cult of the personality", once a source of support, now induces a negative reaction. It is this which lost him the election, not economic shock-therapy.

In keeping with the romantic Poland-Britain analogy, Steele wishes luck to the ex-communists, who "replace" the "Thatcherite ideologies", in their "uphill struggle". In fact, for the past two years Poland has been ruled by a parliamentary coalition of the ex-communists (SLD) and the Peasants' Party (PSL).

Time and time again they have forced through legislation, despite numerous vetoes, by obtaining the necessary two-thirds majority to overturn the president's rejections. While progress has been slow, it is the ex-communists who have been running Poland until now and will probably continue until the 1997 parliamentary elections. With Wales gone there will be less tension, but it is basically "business as usual" in parliament.

Steele finally attacks "Big Bang theorists" without noticing an obvious fact — there is a Big Bang taking place. Along with all post-communist countries, Poland faced a crisis of hidden unemployment in 1989. Shock-therapy dealt with these problems: while unemployment is 14.7 per cent, it is predicted that inflation will rise to around 22 per cent and GNP by 6 per cent next year, the fastest growth in eastern Europe.

God forbid we talk about the "trickle-down effect", but with all its faults, it is through the private sector that Poland can ensure its future prosperity.

Ewa Swiatla,  
Swiebodzin, Poland

## Shot in the arm for China

IS IT possible that the Royal Mail knows its history of medicine better than Colin Luckhurst ('Jenner's cure', December 3)? No doubt Edward Jenner did use vaccination in England 200 years ago; but what about the Chinese practice of it precisely 1,000 years ago, when Prime Minister Wang Tan's family were all inoculated by a Taoist monk or nun after Wang's son had died of smallpox? The practice became widespread in China after the 18th century, and was described then by Yu Tien-Chih and Yu Chang. In their day, too, the practice spread to Turkey where, in 1718, Lady Montagu, the wife of the British ambassador, had her family "vaccinated". Within the next three years the practice became widespread in Europe for protection against smallpox.

(Prof) Paul Hockings,  
College of Liberal Arts and Sciences,  
Chicago, Illinois, USA

## Briefly

THE MURDER of the African stowaways and the prosecution of the Ukrainian captain and crew (December 17) will not be the last. At present all shipping companies issue detailed instructions to masters to carry out searches for stowaways before leaving high-risk ports. This is almost impossible due to the size and complexity of modern ships and their minimal crews. Stowaways do not carry passports or identity papers and hence many countries will not accept them. They can spend years effectively imprisoned on merchant ships before being repatriated to their home country.

It is time that the international community accepted that the policy of punitive fines against shipowners is not working and a policy of repatriation of stowaways from the port of arrival to the last port of call is adopted.

(Capt) E J Fitch,  
Lewes, Sussex

MUST challenge Paul Evans's comments on the "arrogance of old King Canute" ("Retreat from the sea", November 26). According to the version of the legend I was taught some 70 years ago, Canute, a modest man, sought to demonstrate to his over-zealous subjects that he was not omnipotent by showing his inability to stem the incoming tide.

Apart from a few old fogies like me, who even knows or cares today? I should, however, like to know which version is correct.

D S Havercroft,  
Ways-Genappe, Belgium

THE United States's effort in Bosnia is doomed to failure because as soon as there are a couple of American casualties resulting from the action of extremist Serb forces, scenes of hysterical behaviour on US television will force a rapid about-turn in foreign policy.

Because of the scar of Vietnam on the national psyche, the US is incapable of fighting foreign wars in which their own personnel are never really threatened.

Andrew McIntyre,  
Dunblane, Scotland

IF THERE has ever been a justification for the contention that the industrialised nations of the North are callously exploiting and wrecking the so-called developing countries of the south, it is BAT.

Industries reaping a profit of \$1.8 billion with the help of "booming sales" of cigarettes to the naive and innocent peoples of the Third World (Finance in Brief, November 19). Isn't it high time that all those shabby and shady companies that deal in death, be it with cigarettes or weapons, were brought to justice?

(Dr) Wilfried Westphal,  
Bonn, Germany

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## Clinton wins duel in sun

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new Oliver Stone film about the president whose Watergate scandal had an ominous echo in Clinton's Whitewater woes. Tricky Dicky Nixon was to win a triumphant re-election and become a historic foreign policy president before being brought down. Slick Willie Clinton appeared on track for re-election, and could claim great credit for the ceasefire in Northern Ireland, for the Arab-Israeli handshakes on the White House lawn, and for the restoration of a democratically elected president to Haiti. Above all, he could claim to have achieved the Bosnian peace agreement, negotiated on a US Air Force base in Ohio.

Thumpingly repudiated by the mid-term voters at the end of 1994, Clinton was being awarded a sympathetic and even respectful reappraisal by the end of 1995. He might be Slick, but Gingrich looked equally slippery, with a worrying dash of craziness.

After a dismaying first two years in office, Clinton's third year as president was very nearly flawless, in domestic politics and in international stewardship alike. But Clinton's recovery is desperately fragile. There are six major foreign disasters that could easily occur next year, and any one could sink him.

The first is Bosnia, where 30,000 US and 40,000 other Nato and non-Nato troops will be policing a rickety peace agreement in a mine-strewn landscape that is likely to send a dismal parade of body bags home to the US in election year. The second is Mexico, where Clinton's boldness in rallying a \$50 billion international bailout for the peso is not so far being rewarded by a return to economic stability.

Democratic rule in Haiti appears not to have taken firm hold yet, and a new flood of boat people in the summer would not help Clinton's re-election. The great gush of sentimental gratitude to Clinton among Irish-Americans hinges on the flimsiest of fudges over the peace talks and disarmament process in Northern Ireland. The nasty flirtation in 1995 with a new cold war against China could easily recur, depending on events in Taiwan and in Hong Kong. The reformed communists have come back to power via the ballot box in Hungary and Poland, and their success in Russia would expose Clinton to unfair but insidious conservative sneers of squandering the cold war victory he inherited from Presidents Reagan and Bush.

In the end, the politics of 1996 will depend on the economy, which continued to grow throughout 1995 in what is now becoming an unusually prolonged period of expansion. But 6 million new jobs since Clinton's election, stunning export and productivity gains and low inflation have not yet combined to produce a sense of comfort and contentment among the vast majority of Americans, whose incomes have stagnated.

If the trend lines continue as they did in 1995, Clinton will be re-elected to continue his High Noon with a Republican Congress. If not, and if Gingrich is right to warn of a Wall Street crash were the 'budget talks to founder, we should take our seats for a different movie altogether. Perhaps Gunfight at the OK Corral would fit the bill.

## 'Righteous' murders draw protests

Derek Brown in  
Talyiba reports on the  
'honour killings' of  
Palestinian women

ON THE night of September 8, Rudeina Jemel went to bed with a cup of coffee. Soon afterwards — the coffee was still warm when they found the body — a killer entered her bedroom and shot her twice.

No one has been charged with the murder, although the police held a 19-year-old man for several weeks. Powder burns were found on his clothing, but the police said they did not have enough evidence for an indictment. The man is now free and still living in Talyiba village. He is Salim Jemel, Rudeina's son.

Whoever pulled the trigger, Rudeina Jemel was the victim of what is called here an 'honour killing' — a sick euphemism for a degenerate crime. The offence for which she paid with her life was that, after many years as a divorcee, she wished to remarry. The women of her family supported her decision; the men vehemently opposed it.

In Palestinian society the traditional view is that a divorced woman's place is in her parents' home. But Rudeina had already broken with tradition. She was, by all accounts, a remarkable person: an exemplary mother, a successful businesswoman, and a source of strength for all the family.

The house where she died is a spacious two-storey villa that she had built to underline her independence. It is now home to three generations of women who have rejected their menfolk to come together in grief and anger.

"She provided a refuge for all the family. She gave us all so much," says Marwa Jbarah, a niece. "To have killed her is to kill all the women in this family. She gave us power, and now we are lost. In our society, women are supposed to serve all the time, give all the time. They killed my aunt because she was a very strong woman."

Rudeina's mother, Muzayyan, aged 70, looks frail and grey. "She didn't do anything wrong," she says of her daughter. "All she did was to decide to get married. I realised it was [an honour killing] in the first minutes after I heard what had hap-



Bitter legacy... Fatim, aged 18, stands at the grave of her mother, Rudeina Jemel, a divorcee killed for wanting to remarry

PHOTOGRAPH: ALON FARAFINE

pened. I am still sick from it," she says. Does she believe her grandson could have done it? "I don't want to say that," she replies. "I am going to die. I am afraid to go to God and learn I was wrong." Later, she says of Salim: "Right now, I hate him. I can't see him now, but I am the one who looked after him when he was a little kid. He was usually in my arms."

Rudeina's daughter Fatim, aged 18, talks bitterly of the reaction to the killing. "People say they are very sorry, and that they thought my mother was a very respectable woman. But behind our backs, I know they are saying she would not have been killed without a reason."

Fatim is a nurse at a hospital in Netanyahu, on the Israeli coast. "I think the Israelis I talk to there are more shocked than the people here, because in their society it is impossible to kill a woman like this," she says.

That despairing comment is not, of course, true. Women are killed by their menfolk in Israel (42 in 1992 and 1993), as they are in Britain or any other country. What makes Palestinian society different is that the barbarity is still condoned by traditionalists.

A few months ago, a man knifed his sister in the street in the northern village of Daliyat el-Karmil. He was applauded as the police led him

away. In 1994, a Druse woman of 38 who had lived in New York for 15 years revisited her family. Her brother, aged 21 and serving in the Israeli army, upbraided her for her western dress and habits. When she told him to mind his own business, he shot her 20 times with his service rifle. The family refused to condemn the killing.

In 1989, an Arab delegation pleaded with the Israeli courts to treat honour killings leniently, as a long-standing cultural custom. The courts seem to have taken the plea to heart. According to women's groups, most such murderers, who rarely conceal their crime or evade capture, receive prison sentences of seven years or less.

Roughly a sixth of all Palestinians — nearly a million people — live in Israel. Talyiba lies about a mile west of the so-called Green Line dividing Israel from the occupied West Bank. It is virtually indistinguishable from the towns on the other side of the pre-1967 border, not least in the plight of its womenfolk.

Yet there are signs of change. Recently, a small but noisy procession in Nazareth demanded an end to the practice which, activists say, has claimed the lives of at least 27 women in four years.

More than half the demonstrators

were men. Among them was Amir Makhoul, a social worker, who said: "I am here because I believe in it." For many years, he said, people had kept silent about honour killings. "The issue of women was put on the margins of political activity. It is not so much a matter of religion. In general, the religious leaders are still keeping silent, or sometimes they condemn the killings. The real problem is with the traditional political leaders who are always looking to pick up votes."

The point was underlined by another marcher, Ali Rafan. A lawyer and devout Muslim from Haifa, he passionately denied that honour killings could be justified by the Koran. Pulling from his pocket small white cards bearing passages copied from the Koran, he quoted verse after verse enjoining tolerance and mutual respect between the sexes.

A coalition of women's groups, both Palestinian and Israeli, seems to be picking up momentum. But there are divisions. Some are reluctant to antagonise the traditionalists.

Aida Toumali Suleiman, an activist, insisted that the campaign was directed against all violence committed in the name of family honour. "We are not going against anybody. We are trying to create a more healthy society."

## Snipers fly the nests of death

A defiant Serb-held district of Sarajevo is giving up its menacing and bloody secrets, writes Julian Borger

THE door to the eleventh-floor flat looks like every other impersonal entrance in the block. According to the painted inscription, it belongs to Vladimir Cosic of the "Serb Army". It is held shut by a piece of string and a peg.

Inside, the apartment is lifeless and bare. On the floor there are a few old clothes, dog ends, some grainy photographs of laughing people a long time ago — and about 20 large, spent bullet cartridges.

"Sniper's nest" seems too cosy a phrase with which to describe it. It is as chilling and desolate as the grave.

A fist-size hole has been puffed in the wall and then all but closed again with two metal sheets, leaving an inch-wide slit.

Closing one eye, one can see beyond the concrete banks of Sarajevo's Miljacka River — which forms the front line in this part of town — to a 30-yard stretch of the city's main thoroughfare, known since April 1992 as Sniper Alley.

Near the hole, a series of notches has been scored into the plaster. There are similar marks in other apartments, with equally good views of the boulevard. In one flat, a photographer found what appeared to be a scoreboard, with notches alongside a list of names.

For Sarajevo, this apartment block and others in the Serb-held district of Grbavica have assumed a menace far beyond their grim architecture. Not long ago, if you were in the centre of town and you could

see any part of them, you were in mortal danger.

That was before the present ceasefire. After three months of peace in Sarajevo, Vladimir Cosic's room is abandoned, and the muffled sounds filtering through the hole in the wall were the angry slogans and defiant songs of Grbavica's Serb population.

Grbavica, like all the Serb suburbs around Sarajevo, has been handed to the Bosnian government by the Dayton peace agreement brokered by the United States. The Bosnian police are due to take over its streets in little more than three months' time.

Grbavica's residents have more reason than any of the city's Serbs to fear reprisals. They are a rebel-held salient in the heart of the capital. Mortars and artillery shells can be deadly, but sniping is personal. The killer chooses his victim. In

Sarajevo, he may even know his victim. At the very least, he knows if the target is a civilian.

Snipers fought on both sides, but Grbavica's tower blocks claimed the most lives by far — and justice will be done. It is not clear whether the United Nations tribunal in The Hague will classify Vladimir Cosic and his fellow snipers as war criminals. Bosnian judges are not likely to have many doubts.

Recently, Grbavica came out on to the street to add its furious voice to the other Serb districts calling for the Dayton map to be changed to let them stay Serb. Young men and women burnt mock copies of the agreement, and stamped on the US flag.

There was talk of the Sarajevo Defence Movement, a local militia that has vowed to defend the Serb suburbs against the government and, if necessary, Nato. The podium was decorated with shrapnel sculpture and photographs of Serb victims.

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## Blood sacrifices for the boy child

Up to half the newborn daughters in parts of southern India are killed. **Suzanne Goldenberg** reports from Madurai district, Tamil Nadu

**L**AKSHMI has the taut skin and wide eyes of a woman who has seen a lot of suffering. She brought five children into the world and sent three of them to the next within hours of birth. All were girls.

Her first daughter was poisoned, the fourth suffocated with a wet cloth. When the fifth arrived, Lakshmi just bashed the baby's head against a wall. There was no future for her daughters anyway, she said. Her husband earns only 3,000 rupees (\$90) a year as a bonded labourer. The family needs a son who can help him earn, not another daughter to feed.

"I am suffering in this life," she said. "My children should not suffer also. That's why I killed them."

She still has a grudge against her daughters — both the living and the dead. "To our family God gave five girls. They made my body weak and my milk dry up. If he had only given sons."

Here in Madurai district, near the southernmost tip of India, girls are seen as nothing more than a drain on family finances. In her village of Kannapuram — a cluster of thatched huts, bleached out by heat and surrounded by scrub — Lakshmi is not alone: several women have killed their daughters or allowed them to be murdered by relatives.

The Indian government and social activists say female infanticide may be illegal, but it is growing. Surveys of some sections of Madurai district claim to show that half of all newborn girls are killed. Girls are most at risk if their mother already has a daughter.

But across India there is little reliable data on how many babies are being sacrificed to the cult of a boy child. Infant mortality figures do not take account of the tiny corpses buried secretly in backyards, or dumped in the jungle. The more



The lucky ones: these infant girls, in Salem hospital, were saved after the local government announced it was putting cots in public spaces where people could deposit unwanted children. PHOTO: TATIA PAULE

alarmist reports claim that in drought-stricken and poor areas, it is a miracle if a second daughter survives at all.

But it is generally agreed that the practice is spreading from upper-caste communities to districts where daughters once were tolerated. The methods of dispatch are terrifyingly similar: poisoning by locally made concoctions; suffocation by forcing a few grains of unhusked rice down tiny throats; starvation or neglect. Some babies are buried alive.

Lakshmi's neighbour, Malkudai, saved three of her daughters from her husband and in-laws but her luck ran out when the fourth child was also a girl. With her husband threatening to throw her out and her in-laws muttering that she was jeopardising the family line, Malkudai had little choice. A day after the birth, she fed her unnamed daughter the poisonous sap from a spiky-leaved, knee-high plant that grows all around the village. The baby died a little from her mouth and nose, and was still. They buried her outside their hut.

Here in Madurai district, village women working with the small non-governmental Urban and Rural Institute for Social Education (Urise) to reduce infant deaths say parents despair of ever raising the money to see their daughters into adulthood.

While elaborate marriages — paid for by the bride's family — are common throughout South Asia, tradition is especially strong among the Kallars of southern Tamil Nadu. For the Kallars, who take comfort in a distant past as tribal chieftains, a woman's life is marked out by ritual, and a family's honour rests on its ability to conduct the ceremonies appropriately.

Ear-piercing, head-shaving, cutting-of-age rites, and finally the wedding: all are occasions when a girl's parents are expected to distribute cash and gifts to an extended family — saris for the women, *dhotis* (loin clothes) for the men, 22-carat gold jewellery all around. Then there is dowry. In the Usilampatti area near Madurai, a prospective groom with a secure government job commands 25,000 rupees (\$750) and 80 grams of gold, as well as household goods.

Even after the bride is taken to her in-laws, the obligations continue. Her parents are expected to finance her first pregnancy and delivery — including the customary distribution of gifts. If the bride's father-in-law dies, she is expected to bring consolation gifts. "Our tradition is destroying us," said one of the village social workers. "If we continue this killing, five men will have to marry the same woman."

But marriage is a risky proposi-

tion among the Kallars. There is a high rate of unemployment and serious alcohol abuse. For Amravati, who thinks she is 38 although she looks much older, the arrival of a second unwanted daughter meant the end of her marriage. Her husband, a woodcutter, balked at the expense of raising a daughter and left her. "My husband would not have left if it had been a boy," she said. "I had to kill it. There was no alternative. God made a plan for us to suffer, but we killed the baby and escaped."

**T**HERE IS such ignorance in Muthupet village that many women see girls as malign spirits. "My fourth daughter started out as a boy," said one woman. "But then somehow it changed inside me." So she killed the baby. Village social workers say it is important to focus on a woman before the baby is born. They take her to the doctor for check-ups and bring her small presents to convince her there can be some benefit in having a girl. Afterwards, they make sure everyone in the village knows a girl has been born, and that they have donated money to pay for her education. Urise claims to have saved scores of babies this way.

On a bigger scale, the Tamil Nadu government of Chief Minister

J Jayalalitha has launched several programmes to safeguard girls. Nearly three years ago, Jayalalitha announced she would put cradles in public spaces where people could deposit unwanted children. The rescued children would be put in orphanages at state expense, and the chief minister would pay from her own pocket for their schooling at the same genteel convent in Madras that she attended.

Although the scheme was announced with much fanfare, it does not appear to be working. The Welfare Minister, R Indrakumari, admits it is confined to a single district of Tamil Nadu, and refuses to say how many babies have been saved. Even the most generous estimates speak of only 60 children — not all girls and many no longer babies.

However, Indrakumari claims that just by being there, Jayalalitha helps to save baby girls. "She is a very dynamic chief minister, and an encouragement to all ladies," she said. But critics say female infanticide cannot be viewed in isolation from the low status of women generally. "The cradle programme is like finding a patient with fever and treating the fever without finding out the underlying malaise," said V S Chandrasekhar, a former civil servant and one of Jayalalitha's fiercest opponents. "It is a semi-literate reaction."

It is also not as imaginative as it seems. In Usilampatti town, the Indian Council for Child Welfare, a government-supported agency, has been taking in babies for the last five years — but has still saved only 65. Village women say they would rather kill their children than create orphans with no fixed caste identity, who may dishonour the family later.

They are also afraid their daughters may return and seek vengeance. This notion has gained currency since the release last year of a film against infanticide by a popular Tamil director.

In Kartama, the mother saves her unwanted daughter by smuggling her out of the village. The baby grows up to become a doctor, and eventually returns to nurse her aged, ailing father.

Enlivened by song-and-dance scenes with dozens of extras, the director thought he had created a powerful argument against infanticide. But that is not how it is seen in villages like Kannapuram, where the birth of a girl can condemn an entire family to poverty. — *The Observer*

Kevin Watkins works for Oxfam

## Elite reap benefits of Manila's boom

Economic reform has done little for the 30 million Filipinos living in dire poverty, writes **Kevin Watkins**

**T**HE Makati financial centre in Manila is booming. Property prices have gone through the roof, the stock exchange is the second fastest-growing in the world, and expensive new hotels on Ayala Avenue host Japanese investors who, not so long ago, viewed the Philippines economy as a sick joke.

In the shopping precincts, an orgy of consumerism is under way, as well-heeled Filipinos indulge their tastes for imported designer clothes, Italian furniture and US household appliances. A sense of confidence and opportunity fills the air.

The same cannot be said of Tondo. Here in the vast, sprawling slum areas along the north of Manila Bay, and where more than a million people live in conditions of abject poverty, the air is filled with desperation.

Children wade barefoot through

permanent floodwaters contaminated with raw sewage. Diseases such as measles, diarrhoea and respiratory infections are killers, especially in the rainy season.

On "Smoky Mountain", at the north-west tip of the slum, families of eight live in tiny makeshift shacks built on rubbish tips. For those who find work, the going rate is about \$3 a day. Most survive by scavenging.

Viewed from Makati, President Fidel Ramos's "Philippines 2000" economic reform programme, which aims at newly industrialising country status by the turn of the century, appears to be on the verge of success. Economic growth has surged to more than 5 per cent in the past two years, exports are growing rapidly, corporate profits have risen by 60 per cent, and unprecedented amounts of foreign capital are flowing into the country.

But for the 30 million Filipinos living below the poverty line, economic recovery has brought few benefits. In contrast to its neighbours in the Association of South-East Asian Nations (Asean), the Philippines government has failed to combine growth with social equity and redistribution. The richest fifth of the population controls more than half of national income.

The euphoria in financial circles may also be premature. Even on the best-case scenario of 8 per cent growth a year, it will take the Philippines two decades to arrive at the average income levels in Thailand today. The more likely scenario is an economic slowdown, with the country's underfunded infrastructure and grossly inequitable land system impeding growth potential. In recent months inflation has moved into double figures.

All of which leaves President Ramos, now in the third year of a six-year term, with a conundrum. Almost all of the measures recom-

mended by the International Monetary Fund (IMF) have been implemented. Since 1992 most public assets have been sold off, banking has been opened up to foreign competition, restrictions on foreign investment have been lifted and import barriers slashed. Once a bastion of protectionism, today the Philippines economy is one of the most liberalised in Asia. Yet scratch the surface and the results have been far from impressive.

Elsewhere in Asean, fiscal policies have been used to translate economic growth into high levels of savings and productive investment. In the Philippines, by contrast, growth has fuelled a consumer boom. Investment rates remain low and imports flood local markets.

One economic lifeline is the export of labour. Unemployment, low pay and rural poverty have forced around 4 million Filipinos to seek work overseas. Today, the \$4 billion in remittances provided by these overseas workers is effectively halving the current account deficit.

This dependence on mass labour migration, which divides millions of

families, is a source of deep resentment. President Ramos has pledged to phase out overseas labour in the next five years. However, he has yet to explain how he will square this with his government's Memorandum of Understanding with the IMF, which envisages a 30 per cent increase in remittances from overseas workers.

"The brutal fact of the matter is that poverty at home and forced labour migration are a central part of the government's growth strategy," says Professor Leonor Briones, an economist at the University of the Philippines.

Labour migration is the inevitable corollary of the absence of land reform. At least 70 per cent of rural producers turn half of their produce over to landlords. In South Korea and Taiwan, radical land redistribution signalled the start of the economic miracle, but in the Philippines the reins of power remain in the hands of a landed oligarchy. There is little prospect of agrarian reform until this power is broken.

Kevin Watkins works for Oxfam

## Rich family ties of the Red Emperor

The \$1 billion corporate empire of Deng Xiaoping has enriched a generation of family, flunkies and politicians. But what will happen when he dies? **Catherine Field** reports

**I**N A QUIET street just north of Tiananmen Square, two guards in frog-green uniform stand at the entrance to Miliangku, a typical paved courtyard surrounded by unassuming low-rise dwellings. Here stands a large house, at least by Beijing standards: a dining room that comfortably seats a family of 18; a modest lounge decked out with a bright Chinese rug, net curtains and an armchair where the head of the family likes to relax and consult the family astrologer or listen to the radio in the evening.

You might think it belonged to a party official rewarded for years of unstinting service, a man of ungarish tastes, content with three meals a day and the sight of his grandchildren at play.

But the home of Deng Xiaoping, China's Red Emperor, a diminutive 91-year-old with ultimate authority over a nation of 1.2 billion people, harbours a court that is accumulating wealth and power on a scale unprecedented since the Manchu era. The Dengs' personal wealth is a closely-guarded secret, but experts estimate that the family controls assets worth at least \$1 billion and perhaps as much as \$2.5 billion.

Shamelessly exploiting the Deng name in a country where *guanxi* (connections) are virtually an instinct, the patriarch's three daughters and two sons, extended family and supporters have China's top positions in their grip.

Yet as Deng's health declines, the family's fears rise: for his death will unleash the threat of disclosure and destroy the foundations of its stability and wealth.

Deng is now said to be a virtual shell, incapable of walking without the help of two people. His blurred speech is incomprehensible without the aid of his youngest daughter, Rong. His hands shake, apparently from Parkinson's disease, and his eyes are glazed. He was last seen in public in February 1994 at the time of the lunar New Year. He looked so frail that, far from sending a message of continuity to the public, he ignited all sorts of rumours, from his impending to actual death. The stock markets in Hong Kong, Shanghai and Shenzhen nosedived.

But today the elite still talk up his health. Prime Minister Li Peng in September broke taboo of not commenting on Deng's health, saying he had visited the ailing leader "recently" and adding: "I can tell you that he is doing well." His family has been reinforcing the official message. On a trip to Macau, Deng's eldest daughter Lin said: "I am sure he can visit Hong Kong in 1997. Rumours about my father's allegedly critical state of health have been reported some 300 times."

Deng Nan, his middle daughter and the least controversial of his children, told Charles Wang, a visiting American businessman, at a private luncheon in Beijing in October that her father is still able to play bridge, although says Wang: "She said that she now sits behind him and tells him what to do."



Chinese whispers... Deng's speech has to be 'interpreted' by his daughter Rong

No family is more aware of the caprices of fate and power than the Dengs. During his remarkable life, Deng has seen four changes of regime, endured civil war and survived three purges by Mao Zedong. He saw China plunged into famine by the folly of the Great Leap Forward, then thrown into near-anarchy under the Gang of Four. The quiet pragmatist saw many men fall out of favour with the throne and hurled to their doom.

For Deng's children, the Cultural Revolution was the deepest trauma, branding them with the experience of humiliation and even torture. Deng himself was exiled to the countryside where he lived in a bamboo house and operated a machine lathe at a tractor-repair shop.

Deng's brother, Shuping, committed suicide after he was humiliated by Red Guards, and the patriarch's eldest son, Pufang, according to his sister, flung himself from a fourth-floor window, trying to flee his tormentors. Pufang, his spine severely damaged, was dumped on a filthy bed in a pauper's clinic, where he lived on a daily bowl of stewed cabbage and a black steamed bun and earned a pittance by weaving baskets.

Such cruelty bred in all the Dengs an awareness of the real nature of Chinese political society: lawless, merciless and vengeful. It also helped to forge an iron-clad sense of family — the only possible security when peril is all around. Those who know the Dengs are impressed with the Sicilian-like warmth and solidarity of the clan, and the unquestioning devotion to the great man at the top.

But loyalty and unity are not in themselves enough for survival. To that end, the Dengs have armed themselves with the best that money and power can provide. The children have received the finest education available in China, topped up with post-graduate studies in the United States, a phenomenal advantage for mainland Chinese. Over the past 15 years, they have stealthily spread their tentacles throughout the Communist Party, the military and the administration. And like other great communist families, they have greedily eyed the rich pickings that came up for grabs after Deng opened up the Chinese economy in the 1980s.

But it was in the rush to enter business that the Dengs made their biggest blunder — one that generated immense public resentment and even now may prejudice their ability to survive when Deng goes to meet Marx. In the early stages of the economic reforms, in 1984, Deng Pufang used his connections to set up a trading firm, Kang Hua, capitalising it with donations towards a fund he set up to help the disabled. The profits generated would also go to the disabled.

Eager to impress the emperor's son, state companies and bureaucrats showered the wheelchair-bound entrepreneur with cash, permits or other favours in the confidence that this would secure a quid pro quo or at least immunity while the imperial fiat lasted.

But corruption gradually won its way in. Among Kang Hua's documented assets were 10,000 videocassette recorders that were illegally imported and sold on the local market, and turned out to be obsolete. Hundreds of Japanese cars were sneaked in and resold at huge profits. The firm monopolised the Beijing taxi business, to the point where passengers were too scared to complain about taxi drivers in case they got into trouble with Kang Hua. The company scooped at million-dollar tax bills, bribed local officials who stood in the way of business deals and routinely violated regulations on foreign exchange.

**B**Y SEPTEMBER 1988, Pufang's fledgling enterprise had grown into a many-headed monster, reaping profits of 50 million yuan (\$6 million) a year, and was fast spreading out of control, according to Cheng Lu, a former employee. The People's Daily reported — but only in its overseas edition — that at its height Kang Hua had 58 second-tier companies, of which 33 were direct subsidiaries and 25 regional subsidiaries controlled by local party officials, as well as 133 third-tier companies.

The princelings — the sons and daughters of the ruling elite — clamoured for jobs in Kang Hua. At one point, the conglomerate had more than 60 top Communist Party cadres on its payroll and four government ministers. Pufang was seduced by the glamour, trading his humble Toyota Crown saloon for a Mercedes 380 with driver and gun.

toting bodyguards, and surrounding himself with slick young executives. It was a far cry from the late 1980s, when Pufang was hauled around Beijing on the flatbed of a tricycle, pedalled by a friend.

By May 1989, Kang Hua and Deng Pufang had become synonymous with graft and influence-peddling. Although no concrete evidence has surfaced to suggest that Pufang himself was corrupt, the scandal helped to fuel the protest movement in Tiananmen Square, with the horrific crackdown that followed. "Deng Pufang was the first in the family to engage in business and become a target because Kang Hua was one of the four largest business conglomerates in China," says Joseph Cheng, director of the Contemporary Chinese Research Centre in Hong Kong.

The family quickly learnt the lessons of 1989 — the Kang Hua debacle, the Tiananmen massacre and the traumatic fall of the "fraternal" regimes of the Soviet bloc. The golden rule was: gain influence, but not prominence, recalling the proverb, "the fatter the pig, the likelier it will end up in the pot".

The first task was to resolve the Kang Hua problem. The corporation was wound up. Pufang has never ventured back into business again, although he is rumoured to have a Swiss bank account running into eight figures. He remains an energetic activist for the disabled, but has had to renounce his well-known political ambitions.

The most visible Deng outside China is the old man's eldest daughter, Lin, aged 64. Overweight, myopic and with a taste for voluminous floral dresses, Lin is vice-president of the Chinese Association for the Advancement of International Friendship, a job that takes her on frequent foreign trips.

Lin's personal power base is boosted through marriage. Her husband, Wu Jiangchang, is chairman of the China National Non-Ferrous Metals Industry Corporation (CNNC), which supervises 300 medium- and large-scale enterprises and owns a Hong Kong property firm. Even though CNNC manufactures rebars, Wu is also chairman of the government body that regulates the metals industry.

The real bruiser in the family is the youngest daughter, Rong, aged 45. She is a graduate of politics at Johns

Hopkins University and also worked in the Chinese embassy in Washington where, according to diplomats, she spied on overseas Chinese for the secret service at home.

Rong has benefited enormously from her closeness to Deng Xiaoping, whom she charmed by singing to him during the dark moments in the Cultural Revolution. As his personal assistant, she tells her father what is happening in China and the outside world, and passes on his responses to outsiders.

Rong secured a \$1 million fee from Rupert Murdoch last year to write a two-volume biography. The first volume, *Deng Xiaoping My Father*, "violated an unspoken party regulation against senior cadres writing autobiographies or allowing their offspring to pen hagiographic pieces while they are still alive", according to Willy Wo Lap-Lam, author of *China After Deng Xiaoping*.

Rong's position is further enhanced by the power wielded by her husband, He Ping, head of Poly Group Corporation, a subsidiary of the People's Liberation Army. Poly Group controls or has interests in 100 other firms, generating annual revenue of at least a billion dollars from trading in property and exporting Chinese arms to unstable regimes, such as Iran, Syria and Pakistan.

**D**ENG'S youngest son, Zhifang, received a PhD in physics at Rochester University, New York, and his first child was born in the US, causing much sniggering that Deng Xiaoping's grandson is an American. Zhifang is chief executive of Shougang, the property flagship of Shougang, China's third-biggest steel corporation. He is a close associate of Zhou Bofang, Shougang's former head, who is being held on corruption charges for unspecified "serious economic crimes".

The rumour in Beijing is that Zhou Bofang implicated Zhifang in a bid to save himself, and that, in order to get Zhifang off the hook, Deng's family agreed to toe the line about their father's health in the interests of political stability.

How has the elite become gloriously rich? In the early 1980s, a lot of children started enterprises and became wealthy because they had connections," explains Cheng. "If you can obtain permits to import or export something, that is a tremendous asset." Use of family names to influence business is expressly banned under a 1985 edict from the state council, China's cabinet.

But the most glittering gold mines were opened up after Tiananmen, when Deng accelerated the opening-up of the Chinese economy in an apparent attempt to appease the masses. Chinese firms expanded abroad, and foreign investors flocked to China.

A generation of politicians owe their ascent or survival to Deng, an enormous spiritual debt under China's Confucian system of relationships. But in the longer term, the Dengs and those associated with them, are threatened by the emergence of a generation of 40-somethings who crave power but have no emotional ties with the "Immortals" who fought the revolutionary war.

The task for these next leaders will be to cleanse the national soul of Tiananmen Square's bloodstains. The Deng name then may no longer be a magic shield: "When a man becomes an official, his wife, children, dogs, cats and even chickens fly up to heaven," says a Chinese proverb. "When he falls, they fall with him." — *The Observer*

## The ghosts of Nuremberg

A tribunal has been set up to try war crimes in Rwanda and former Yugoslavia; the last tribunal was set up 50 years ago to try Nazi leaders. Was justice served then — and will it be now, asks **Richard Norton-Taylor**

**F**IFTY YEARS ago last month, the Nuremberg trial of "war crimes" opened to a fanfare of rhetoric and a collective purging of guilt and forced optimism about the future.

Nuremberg was hailed by Sir Norman Birkett, one of the tribunal judges, as "the greatest trial in history". Sir Hartley Shawcross, Britain's chief prosecutor, confidently predicted the tribunal would "provide a contemporary touchstone and an authoritative and impartial record to which future historians may turn for truth, and future politicians for warning". Fifty years later, these words have a hollow ring, after crimes often perpetrated by the Nuremberg victors — the bombing of Cambodia during the Vietnam war, for example, or the torturing of Algerians fighting for independence — or crimes to which the West turned a blind eye: Saddam Hussein's gassing of Iraqi Kurds, for instance, and the killing of a quarter of a million people, many of them civilians, massacred in cold blood, in the former Yugoslavia.

The legacy of Nuremberg continues to haunt the West. Last month, Erich Priebke, an 82-year-old former SS captain, was extradited from Argentina to Italy to face trial for his role in the massacre of 335 Jews and resistance fighters in the Ardeatine caves near Rome in 1944. (He insists that any culpability on his part was the result of obeying orders.) Next year, the first alleged Nazi war criminal to be prosecuted in Britain under the 1991 War Crimes Act is expected to face trial: Szymon Serafinowicz, aged 84, is accused of murdering four unknown Jews in German-occupied Byelorussia.

For the first time since Nuremberg, an international criminal tribunal has been set up to try war crimes in the former Yugoslavia and in Rwanda. Bosnian Serb leaders Radovan Karadzic and General Ratko Mladic are charged with being individually responsible for genocide and crimes against humanity. More than 40 others, including Croat Serbs and Bosnian Croats, have been indicted. But only one is held in custody — Dusko Tadic, a Bosnian Serb charged with murdering and raping Muslims and Croats during the ethnic cleansing campaign in north-west Bosnia in 1992.

Robert Jackson, chief US prosecutor at Nuremberg, described in his opening speech how, at Dachau, victims were immersed in freezing water, then warmed by a hot bath. He described what he called the Nazi scientific triumph of reawakening with animal heat. "The victim, all but frozen to death, was surrounded by the bodies of living women until he revived and responded to his environment by having sexual intercourse. Here Nazi degeneracy reacted its nadir." Such cruel and obscene experiments, he added, were not the work of "underling degenerates but of masterminds high in the Nazi conspiracy".

Other Nuremberg prosecutors referred to sterilisation, castration and abortion programmes, to en-

slavement, assassinations and murders in countries occupied by the Nazis, to the Berlin directive that "the fertility of the Slavs is undesirable", to the systematic extermination of gypsies and Jews. The core crimes were genocide and crimes against humanity. Yet transcripts of the 10-month trial show how relatively little time was devoted to the atrocities. "The victors did not want to see the war as a war against genocide of the Jews," says Anthony Glees, director of European Studies at Brunel University.

For these charges raised uncomfortable questions, reflected on in a recent book, *Rwanda And Genocide In The Twentieth Century* (Pluto Press), by Alain Destexhe, former secretary general of Médecins Sans Frontières and now a Belgian senator. "During the second world war," he notes, "at no time did the Allies modify their military objectives in order to save Jews, even after 1944 when there was no longer any possible doubt as to what was happening. Half a million Jews were murdered in Auschwitz between March and November 1944, when the last gasings took place, yet the railway lines leading to the death camps were never targeted."

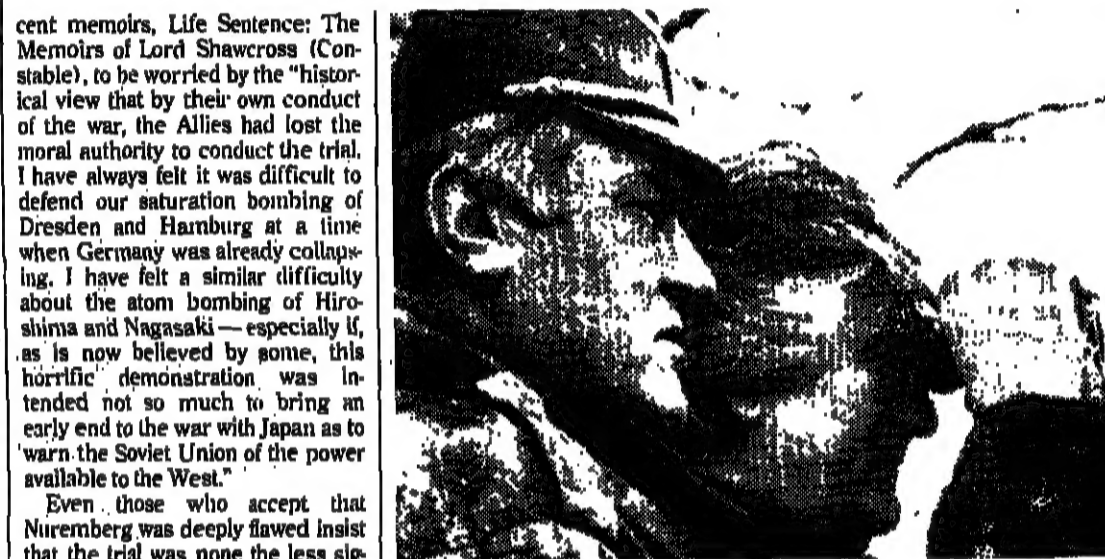
The 21 defendants at Nuremberg were charged not only with Crimes Against Humanity and War Crimes (including shooting prisoners of war) but with The Common Plan or Conspiracy (plotting a war of aggression), Count 1, and Crimes against Peace (waging aggressive war), Count 2. The trial got bogged down in lengthy arguments about Counts 1 and 2, which concealed the crime of genocide but created their own problems. As E L Woodward, historical adviser to the Foreign Office, pointed out, "Up to September 1, 1939, His Majesty's Government was prepared to concede everything Germany had done to secure her position in Europe."

While the West laid itself open to the charge of appeasement — as it has done since — the Soviet Union was also in the frame. "The indictment for crimes against peace was a phoney charge; if the defendants were guilty then so were the Russians," says David Cesarani, professor of modern Jewish studies at Manchester University. If the Nazis were guilty of crimes against peace, and waging aggressive war, then so were the Russians, who had attacked Poland, Finland and the Baltic states at the beginning of the war (and then there were Stalin's gulags). It took Moscow 50 years to admit responsibility for the massacre — for which they had blamed the Nazis — of nearly 15,000 Polish officers during the second world war, including those killed in the Katyn forest in Byelorussia.

Nuremberg prosecutors laid themselves open to the charge that they were indulging in victors' justice, a charge that undermined their moral authority. The victorious powers were vulnerable to the "dirty hands" defence — that they were conveniently ignoring their own actions. Shawcross confesses in his re-



Facing war crimes charges... Radovan Karadzic (below, right) and General Ratko Mladic, and Nazi leaders on trial at Nuremberg (above)



cent memoirs, *Life Sentence: The Memoirs of Lord Shawcross* (Constable), to be worried by the "historical view that by their own conduct of the war, the Allies had lost the moral authority to conduct the trial. I have always felt it was difficult to defend our saturation bombing of Dresden and Hamburg at a time when Germany was already collapsing. I have felt a similar difficulty about the atom bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki — especially if, as is now believed by some, this horrific demonstration was intended not so much to bring an early end to the war with Japan as to warn the Soviet Union of the power available to the West."

Even those who accept that Nuremberg was deeply flawed insist that the trial was none the less significant. "For the first time," Cesarani says, "individuals were put on trial for sending their people to war and ordering them to commit atrocities." It was no longer enough to say "We were just obeying orders." The Nuremberg trials, says Richard Goldstone, the South African judge and chief prosecutor at the war crimes tribunals for the former Yugoslavia and Rwanda, "were a meaningful instrument for avoiding the guilt of the Nazis being ascribed to the whole German people."

JACKSON told the Nuremberg tribunal in his opening address: "The idea that a state, any more than a corporation, commits crimes, is a fiction." Shawcross echoed this: "It is no use having a leader unless there are also people willing and ready to serve their personal greed and ambition by helping and following him." But the very title of the tribunal — "German Major War Criminals" — gave away its limitations. The world had to wait, notably at the Eichmann trial, for a fuller, more complete picture. It showed, as Destexhe puts it, "how the overall plan to exterminate the Jews was part of a huge bureaucratic process, a mosaic of minutely very ordinary and commonplace... Only a tiny percentage of those who participated in the genocide actually shot a Jew or turned on the gas. It was the bureaucrats who helped to destroy the Jewish people, often whilst retaining at their desks."

Of the tens of thousands, epitomized by Shawcross as having com-

mitted "odious crimes which cried out for punishment", a few hundred were sentenced to death by the victorious occupying powers. The War Crimes Act is an admission of Whitehall's failure, or reluctance, to vet those implicated from entering Britain. Glees, an adviser to the War Crimes Inquiry that led to the Act, estimates that there are about 100 "serious suspects" still alive in Britain.

The reasons why the UN Security Council agreed to set up a war crimes tribunal for the former Yugoslavia, when so many other cases since Nuremberg have been ignored, are not hard to find. As Goldstone has put it, conduct there was "reminiscent of the Holocaust — ethnic cleansing and photographs which could have been taken in Nazi concentration camps. It was happening in Europe and that had become inconceivable in the post-Nuremberg era". In other words, it was a result of pressure from public opinion and a guilty conscience. (The Rwanda case was easier; the Tutu-led government, which brought the massacre to an end, itself requested the setting up of a tribunal.)

It is difficult to see how the Yugoslav tribunal will amount to anything more than a symbolic, conscience-appealing gesture. It seems totally unrealistic to believe that Karadzic and Mladic, or the others indicted for war crimes, will be handed over, especially given the continuing fragility of the peace process. Goldstone is not even getting support from those he could have expected would co-operate fully in his investigations. Last

month he complained to the Clinton administration about its failure to provide him with information gathered by US intelligence about the Bosnian Serb attack on Srebrenica and the massacre of Muslims there in July — after Karadzic and Mladic had been indicted for war crimes.

"The only information we have received of genuine usefulness," he told Steve Mathias, legal adviser at the US embassy in The Hague, "was the imagery of the potential mass grave sites relating to the fall of Srebrenica... The imagery was provided to us, however, only after it was leaked to the press." Reports by the Independent British American Security Information Council (Basics) that US intelligence intercepted telephone communications between Mladic and the Serbian Army chief of staff, General Miroslav Perisic, about the impending attack on Srebrenica, have been confirmed by US officials. Germany and France are also believed to be withholding from Goldstone information about war crimes in Bosnia.

Setting up the Yugoslav and Rwanda tribunals, says Goldstone, "is a major step ushering in a new era in the history of international law and especially international humanitarian law... the prosecution of (war) crimes, I hope, will be seen with hindsight to have been the beginning of a new era of enforcement of international humanitarian law. We shall see. If Nuremberg — where the prosecutors, unlike in Bosnia, had full access to the perpetrators — is held up as a precedent then the prospects are scarcely promising."

## From glorious summer to winter of discontent

James Lewis

**F**ALLING school standards, crime-related violence, rail breakdowns and inaccurate timetables, squabbling royals and bishops, complaining teachers and doctors, health scares, serial murder, sleaze in high places — the year's headlines made for gloomy reading.

Future historians may well find 1995 to have been a pretty ordinary sort of year, but most people living through it have not seen it that way. Poll after poll recorded heightened levels of job anxiety, insecurity, and stress-related illness. Little wonder that the "feel-good" factor continues to elude a government desperate to find something — anything — to ward off defeat at the next general election.

One of the enduring memories of this year will be the sight of columns of road tankers ferrying water from Northumberland to prevent the taps of Yorkshire from running dry — in December. The operation, costing £1 million a day, was the only alternative to cutting off water supplies on alternate days, which would have left some people without water on Christmas Day.

True, the glorious summer had been Britain's driest since 1727, and the privatised water companies found it difficult to keep up with demand. Consumers, already annoyed by what they perceived as the industry's high salaries and perks that the water bosses were found to be awarding themselves, were infuriated to discover that more than a quarter of the country's water was running to waste through unrepaired leaks in the pipe network. As the year drew to a close, many of the water companies were still imposing hosepipe bans. And fire officers prayed to be spared a major conflagration which could exhaust their water resources.

Of course, things could have been worse, but the sight of columns of tankers was, to the older generation, all too reminiscent of some wartime emergency, or perhaps a relief operation in a Third World country: another piece of evidence to suggest that once-trusted services could no longer be relied on.

As well as disrupting water supplies, the lovely summer blew a serious hole in the profits of tour operators, whose usual customers found it warmer — and cheaper — to stay at home rather than fly to the Mediterranean.

It may have been the heat that pushed the Prime Minister's patience to the limit. In mid-year, to everyone's surprise, John Major resigned as Tory leader and triggered a contest that could otherwise not have been held until November. It was a challenge to his Eurosceptic tormentors to "put up or shut up". The only challenger, the former Welsh Secretary, John Redwood, was trounced by 218 votes to 49.

The Prime Minister's hand should have been strengthened and, for a while, it seemed to be. But the death of several members of the parliamentary party, and the first defection by a sitting Conservative to Labour — Alan Howarth (Stratford-upon-Avon) — have reduced the Tories' Commons majority to five.

Mr Major can afford no further risks, so his public utterances have come to sound increasingly hostile to the European Union.

While this is partly due to buy-



the loyalty of his own Eurosceptics, it is also to emphasise one of the few stretches of "clear blue water" that now lie between Tory policies and those of Tony Blair's "new" Labour Party. The Conservatives won an opt-out from the social chapter of the Maastricht Treaty, but Labour would opt back in.

The social policy agreement aims to harmonise Europe by requiring large employers to consult workers on issues that affect them: allow fathers paternity leave; and give part-time workers the same entitlements, pro rata, as full-timers. The Tories argue that this would impose intolerable burdens on employers. Labour begs to differ.

Labour's stance, and its promise to legislate for a minimum wage, has, surprisingly, not harmed it in the eyes of businessmen, many of whom are starting to wonder whether a Labour government might be better for them than a re-elected Tory one dominated by Eurosceptics.

A number of polls over the year have suggested that the Tories are losing their title as the natural party of business. The latest — a survey of senior managers by the Institute of Management — showed support for the Conservatives had fallen to 42 per cent (from 60 per cent in 1992). A startling 32 per cent said they would vote Labour (against just 12 per cent at the last election).

But Mr Blair could be skating on thin ice. His party has only grudgingly allowed him to break Labour's over-cosy relationship with the trade unions. The forbearance of left-wingers, who have sacrificed many principles in the interests of unity



and electability, might finally snap if he fell into the trap of cuddling up too close to industry. But he did, surprisingly, get away with travelling to Australia to fraternise with the media mogul and arch enemy of "old" Labour, Rupert Murdoch.

Labour's main fear is that it will fail to shake off its image as the party of high spending and high taxation — a character trait Gordon Brown is now hinting at a tax rate that could start as low as 10 per cent. But the belief — also held by the Government — that the voters can be bribed with promises of tax cuts may be misplaced. A British Social Attitudes survey, taken just before the November budget, found that only 4 per cent of voters wanted them increased to pay for more spending on health, education and social benefits.

Animal rights lobbyists made their presence felt throughout the year, blocking harbours and demonstrating at airports against the export of live animals, particularly veal calves. One woman died when she fell under the wheels of a lorry. Since many of the demonstrators were elderly and otherwise law-abiding citizens, the police felt unable to deploy heavy-handed tactics and, instead, resorted to sheer force of numbers to contain them. It proved to be a costly operation.

The gay lobby was also active, "outing" Anglican clergymen and insisting on the right of homosexuals to serve in the armed forces. The courts rejected appeals for compensation by four, including a naval lieutenant-commander, who claimed to have been wrongfully dismissed from the services. Lord Justice Simon Brown expressed his sympathy for them and urged the Ministry of Defence to review its rules.

The four are now taking their case to the House of Lords and, if defeated, will go to the European Court of Human Rights, arguing that their treatment is a breach of the European Convention. The Government may yet decide to change the rules before that happens.

It was not a good year for the Anglican church which, besides losing some £80 million in property deals, is still seriously divided over the ordination of women, over homosexual clergy, and whether or not it is acceptable to "live in sin".

Sooner or later, it will have to declare its position on the monarchy if

heir to the throne, Prince Charles, is divorced. Could it countenance a divorced or remarried king as head of the church? Meanwhile, in the latest instalment of the enthralling royal soap opera, Princess Diana hinted that she considered her estranged husband unfit to be king, the inference being that the royal couple should go to their eldest son, William. As his mother — and a popular figure in her own right — she can hardly be shuffled off by the royal establishment, which will probably have to buy her silence by offering her the "ambassadorial" role she seems to want.

It was a pretty miserable year for anybody who had anything to do with the Home Secretary, Michael Howard. Because of some embarrassing prison escapes — notably from Parkhurst, on the Isle of Wight — he sacked the head of the prison

**Not even the National Lottery has brought about the universal happiness that the Government imagined**

service, Derek Lewis, who protested that day-to-day interference by the Home Office made his job impossible.

A growing rift between the judiciary and the Government is also largely attributable to Mr Howard, whose decisions were overturned on at least eight occasions by the courts, which ruled that he had either acted unfairly or exceeded his powers.

Twelve months ago, the peace process in Northern Ireland had appeared to be making headway, but now it has stalled in spite of the "twi-track" formula which it was thought, after President Clinton's visit to Belfast at the beginning of this month, would offer a realistic way forward. The formula was supposed to allow preparatory political talks to go ahead between the Northern Ireland parties and the British and Irish governments while a three-man international commission considered ways of decommissioning illegally held arms.

The IRA, however, has since ruled out any hand-over of weapons and described the demand for sur-

render as "an absolute barrier to progress". It could, of course, be just another piece of brinkmanship, but Mr Major is unlikely to relinquish his demand for the surrender of some arms as a "confidence-building" measure.

The political talks are also more likely to be serial monologues than real dialogue. David Trimble, new leader of the majority Ulster Unionists, has already rejected an invitation to talks in Dublin as "impudent". Ian Paisley, leader of the smaller Democratic Unionists, will only talk to the British government, and then only about his own proposals. Nor will he talk to George Mitchell, the American chairman of the disarmament commission, though all the other parties involved will.

A settlement, which would do much to enhance Mr Major's stature, and perhaps his party's fortunes, seems a long way off. Before then, the Scott inquiry will have published its report, almost certainly damaging to the Government, on Britain's sale of arms to Iraq in breach of its own embargo. Sufficient evidence has already been heard to show that some ministers were aware of the trade and, at the very least, turned a blind eye to it. What is worse is that they went to great lengths to cover up their involvement and were prepared, if necessary, to watch innocent men sent to prison. It will not win them votes.

The "feel-good factor" did appear briefly on two occasions when the VE and VJ Day celebrations offered opportunities to recall national solidarity and success in battle. The opening of the Channel Tunnel was another mark of achievement, though diminished because revenue so far has been insufficient to cover the interest payments on Eurotunnel's £8 billion debt. The payments have been suspended for 18 months.

Even the National Lottery, now 13 months old, has not brought about the universal happiness that the Government envisaged. The scheme has certainly created a few more millionaires and its promoting consortium, Camelot, should be extremely happy with a weekly profit of £1 million, which enabled it to recover its start-up costs in months rather than years.

Many charities, however, have complained of a reduction in their traditional income, and pools promoters and bookmakers have shed hundreds of jobs. Nor is everyone happy with the way lottery profits are distributed: too much to the arts in London, too little to sports in the provinces, too much to some charities, too little to others. Camelot and the Government could only reply that everybody would benefit — eventually.

To add insult to injury, Richard Branson, the high-profile head of Virgin, and a failed bidder to run the National Lottery, alleged that he was offered a bribe to withdraw his bid by Guy Snowden, chairman of the American corporation Gtech, which has a 22 per cent stake in Camelot.

Drinkers had a better year. The Government reversed a century of efforts to curb drinking by setting a higher safe limit of units of alcohol per day. Protests over the move were headed by the World Health Organisation and some critics dubbed the review a "boozers' charter". Mr Howard did his bit and allowed the pubs to stay open longer on Sundays. And the Chancellor, Kenneth Clark, cut the tax on whiskey.

## Hate lurks behind country hedges

Rural racism is a little noticed but growing problem. Report by Jonathan Steele

IT TOOK barely 24 hours for Middle England's newest scandal, the growth of rural racism, to slip behind the hedgerows again. The morning after white thugs jeered and threatened Paddy Ashdown on a late-night walk through Yeovil as he checked out stories of racist attacks, the Somerset town's Asian shopkeepers were happy to tell reporters about the abuse they regularly suffer. The next day it was frightened normality once more: "No interviews, please. No names. We don't want to provoke them."

The victims' silence graphically illustrated the riddle which race relations workers like to try on strangers. Who is visible and invisible at the same time? Answer: black people living in England's villages and country towns.

"They are highly visible in that they stand out from the crowd and people in rural areas are not used to thinking of England as a multi-ethnic community," says a report by the National Alliance of Women's Organisations. "They are invisible in terms of provision because they are small minorities."

Vishnu moved to Cornwall with his English wife 14 years ago. His life there has been a catalogue of abuse. Although he describes himself as an assertive man, he is unwilling — like the take-away owners in Yeovil — to have the restaurant he runs identified in print. He has enough trouble already with the gangs who tap heavily on the window. "You have to go out and see what's going on," he says. "Then they often punch you. It's mainly yobos who've got drunk and want a fight." The last such case was just over a month ago, but this random, racist violence has been frequent.

"At first I used to get gobsacked-looks in the street, just like that. They'd not seen many black people in their lives before."

He usually reports the violence to the police but complains that "they take a very lackadaisical attitude. They have no training in racial awareness. They plead lack of funds, but do nothing because they want to keep the statistics of racial incidents low."

At the other end of the country, in a small and pretty South Yorkshire village, Peter has an ugly story of constant racial harassment. His dark, Arab looks have proved too much for a neighbour who has kept up a sapping barrage of "Fuck off back to where you came from." Four years of insults have put increasing strains on his marriage — to an Englishwoman — and on his two school-age children.

Peter has taken his problems to the district council, but action under ordinary nuisance regulations is not easy; neighbours' disputes lead to shirrs, there are counter-allegations and proof is hard to find. Racial harassment is seen as a novelty in rural areas. Local authorities often refuse to accept the problem.

When Eric Jay, the author of a study on racism in the South-west, wrote to community leaders, councils, police forces and church leaders to ask for help, he found that "for three-quarters of them, racial equality seems not to be on the agenda". Several respondents commented: "We have no problem here because we have no black people," a statement which Jay calls racist — because it assumes that it is the presence of blacks which creates trouble.

The Jay report was published by the Commission for Racial Equality three years ago. Since then, there have been reports on Norfolk and Shropshire and on the isolation of black and ethnic minority women in rural areas.

Britain's ethnic minorities form 6.2 per cent of the population, but in



Suffering in silence... Women in ethnic minorities are often isolated in rural areas. PHOTOGRAPH BY SHAMAM TURNER

rural areas it is more like 1.6 per cent. The reports were the first steps at helping these scattered families. Racial Equality Councils have been set up in several shire counties and the National Council of Voluntary Organisations has appointed Ferninder Dhillon to run a rural anti-racism project.

"Blacks and ethnic minorities are perceived as in-comers and not belonging," she says. The realisation that Britain has irreversibly become multicultural has not yet penetrated many rural areas. Ignorance is often rife. Ms Dhillon recalls a conference

where a colleague started at her sandals and commented: "I didn't realise your soles are whiter than the rest of your skin."

Identity confusion also tends to be stronger where a black child may be the only one in its class. An Asian family fled from Wales after their 12-year-old son scrubbed his arm with bleach in the hope of escaping from persistent bullying.

Reports of rural prejudice deter many urban blacks from going to the country. "I don't feel safe going on holiday in a rural area in Britain. I'd rather go abroad," Ferninder

Dhillon recalls one Asian man admitting. The Black Environment Network was set up to encourage young blacks from inner cities to visit the countryside, initially in organised trips to nature reserves or mountaineering. "People have to learn to enjoy the country before they can be asked to look after it," says Jakeah Mahey, its administrator. The irony is that many urban British blacks and Asians have parents who come from villages in the Indian subcontinent or the Caribbean. Yet rural British attitudes may turn this island into a green and unpleasant land for them.

The Archers, Britain's longest running radio soap, has taken on the subject, bringing an Asian woman solicitor, Usha, to Ambridge. Episodes this year have recounted stones being thrown through her windows and dog mess shoved through her letter box.

Newsy incidents, like the attack on Paddy Ashdown or the fate of Usha, highlight rural racism, but some believe they can also distort. "The Ambridge episodes manage to shift the blame from the local community to outsiders. They telescope racial violence into generalised vandalism and thuggery. By implication, racism has become a kind of virus which infects a few bad people who inhabit the city and roar around on motorbikes," says Jonny Bourne of the Institute of Race Relations.

"Nowhere" in Ambridge do we hear of racism as an issue in society. In a real-life Ambridge, its farmers would worry that Usha would depress house prices. Kate would argue with her father that all farm grants were not scoundrels, and Shula would try to stop Marsha from scare-mongering that the shop was about to be taken over by Asians. Without argument between characters over racism, the resort to the benevolent saviour — the community of friends — is politically inept.

The big issue for Jenny Bourne and her fellow workers is the unpublicised drip-drip of racism in schools and at work. In the countryside, this meets less challenge.

Additional reporting by Martin Weinwright

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## Algeria's socialists ponder poll setback

Catherine Simon

THE big losers in the November 16 Algerian presidential election were the modernist parties, in particular Hocine Ait Ahmed's Socialist Forces Front (FFS) which called for a boycott. Now they are wondering whether they will be able "to bounce back in time", as one of their activists said, or are to be condemned to a long exile in the political wilderness.

The fate of those who urged a boycott, the FFS in particular, was sealed by the high voter turnout. This is now giving rise to discussions inside the party. "The empty-chair policy in the end always backfires on those who advocate it," noted an FFS member who disagreed with his party's decision.

Another said: "By not running in the presidential election, FFS general secretary Hocine Ait Ahmed passed up a unique opportunity." In his view, if the FFS had called on the political groups that took part in the January 13 Rome agreement — especially the National Liberation Front (FLN) and the Islamic Salvation Front (FIS) — to support its candidates, it would have "given itself the means to test the sincerity of the Islamists' commitment to democracy and to cut short the FLN's ambiguities".

There is bitterness over what some FFS members see as a "terrible waste". They say things started to go wrong from the moment the Rome agreement was signed. One member claimed that by signing it "we gave the FIS and the FLN a democratic cover. But we failed to go any further. We have given a lot and got nothing in return. When the government rejected the offer of peace, we should have drawn our conclusions from it. Instead of becoming upright and digging in our heels, we should have opened up."

sounded out the government's more "enlightened" members and, in particular, worked on the modernists."

Did that mean going in with the Culture and Democracy Rally (RCD) of Ait Ahmed's Kabylie rival, Said Sadi? "The quarrels of *zaims* [leaders] don't prevent the rank and file from campaigning together. Anyway, there's not only the RCD and the Kabyles. Labour union members, and women's and young men's associations are also part of the modernist wing."

Unhappy with the line the FFS was taking, several of its officials moved away from it as early as last spring, some of them resigning and others suspending participation in party activities. "At the rate things are going," said one member with a sigh, "the FFS will soon be an empty shell with Ait Ahmed's name writ large over the entrance." The stormy debates at the FFS national council meeting in early November testified to the prevailing mood of unease.

Though they are anxious to resolve the crisis, the party's apprentice dissidents are being careful. Those who speak out do so only on condition that they are not identified. However, even the most scathing critics say that a *putsch* is far from their thoughts. Although they complain about their leaders' far from democratic ways and accuse them of forcing their choices on members, they hope to be able to thrash everything out, but strictly within the party in congress.

Is this whiff of rebellion the beginning of a decline or a sign of greater maturity? The history of the FFS, which was founded 30 years ago, suggests the latter. The discipline that prevails, even among critics, points towards the latter. But if there is to be a resolution, it will be a long and painful process. Recent statements by the party's national secretary for emigration, Farid Aïssani,

## Le Monde



Secret service... Hooded militiamen reinforce soldiers at an army roadblock in Bida, 20 miles west of Algiers

saying that the November 16 election "reinforces the FFS in its approach", bode ill for a readiness to accept criticism.

Algeria's modernist movement, still in its infancy and divided, is having a hard time asserting itself on the national scene. Sadi's low poll — less than 10 per cent of the vote — testifies to the difficulties. At least it will have helped him to put down his marker for the future and will allow the RCD to remain "visible".

There remains the question of voter motivation. A district-by-district analysis of the results shows the vote's regionalist character. "Ethnic" preferences prevailed over "democratic" ones. Those who voted

RCD, even in Algiers, were for the most part Kabyles.

It was primarily community solidarity that operated in the Kabylie, the stronghold of the FFS and the cradle of the RCD. The "Arabs" did the same in voting for Liamine Zerroual, who is from Batna in the east, and Mahfoud Nahmeh, a native of Bida. But by casting their ballots, they seized this totally new opportunity that allowed them to exercise their civic rights.

"Here in Algeria we're barely starting our apprenticeship in politics," said a veteran political activist. "Tomorrow, perhaps, we'll get round to democracy." (December 9)

## Nine charged in Rwanda genocide case

Jean Hélène  
In Arusha, Tanzania

TEN months of investigating the mass killings that took place in Rwanda last year have led to the international court charging nine people with genocide. However, they are only local officials, who were involved in massacres that took place in April 1994 in the Kibuye prefecture. No senior officials of the previous regime are among the accused.

The Kigali authorities have already conveyed their disappointment and, given the slowness of the process, may be wondering whether justice will be done one day.

Announcing the first charges on December 12 at the headquarters of the international court in Arusha, Tanzania, the court clerk, Andronicus Adele, pointed out that the names of the defendants and the countries in which they have found asylum would not be revealed, to prevent them from attempting to escape justice by dropping out of sight.

Why was Kibuye chosen from the hundreds of places where Hutu extremists massacred more than 500,000 people — Tutsis and moderate Hutus — between April and July 1994?

According to Richard Goldstone, chief prosecutor of the UN War Crimes Tribunal, it is because "this is the first place where sufficient evidence has been collected to permit framing charges".

Arrest warrants are expected to be sent out within two weeks to the governments of the countries where the eight accused are living. The authorities in these countries will be expected to arrest the accused and extradite them. Under Article 7 of the UN charter, which these nations have signed, UN member countries that allow suspects to enter their territory are expected to carry out the court's injunctions.

If they refuse, the matter will be referred to the Security Council, which could impose penalties. Goldstone estimates that in about six weeks' time the first of the accused could be brought to the Arusha prison, where a special wing has been prepared for them. The trials will not begin until April 1996, when construction of two special courtrooms at the Arusha international conference centre is expected to be completed.

A second round of charges is due to be filed in March against four Rwandans whom the Belgian authorities have arrested and six other suspects identified in Zambia — four of whom have already been arrested. Zambia has arrested a score of Rwandan Hutu refugees, no doubt on information supplied by Kigali, but the international court has not obtained enough evidence to indict more than four of them.

Kigali is disappointed because none of those who "masterminded" the genocide has been accused. Goldstone explained that trying the "henchmen" first was a good way of establishing a link with the organisers at the top. This was how the big war criminals in the former Yugoslavia were tracked down, he said. (December 14)

## Life after the anger in Brixton

Michael Massive argues that in the wake of the disturbances police must face up to local criticism

THERE'S now so queer as folk. Different people have different views of the same incident. Let us regard the headline in the Daily Mail on December 14 which read, "Brixton mob on rampage". The article began: "Hundreds of rioters rampaged through Brixton last night, looting shops and torching cars after the death of a black youth in custody."

As someone who was actually in the vicinity at the start of the incident, I saw something that contradicted various press reports. Many people moving around the area who were caught up in traffic diversions merely saw a mass mobilisation of police officers. Some local people regarded the incident as a police riot and described the police action as "the invasion of an army of occupation".

To many, the death of Wayne Douglas in a Brixton police cell

earlier this month was far more deserving of front-page outrage than the smashing of a few commercial shop windows — but that would be down to their subjective opinion and their own perception of what they believed had taken place during the arrest of Mr Douglas.

Wayne Douglas was the third black male to die in police custody over the past 12 months. The cases of Shilil Lapite and Brian Douglas (no relation) also precipitated outrage among London's black community. On these occasions the public demonstrations which followed the deaths did not exacerbate into confrontations with the police; therefore, apart from a few newspapers, notably the Guardian and some of the black weeklies and leftwing periodicals, these deaths passed without much mainstream tension. Following the disturbances,

the circumstances of Wayne Douglas's death have almost been forgotten. Eyewitnesses to his arrest allege that no fewer than 17 police officers were seen to be striking, kicking and racially abusing a handcuffed and captive Mr Douglas as they dragged him to a van. Within one hour Wayne Douglas was dead.

Many people are critical of the police for having ordered an autopsy without first establishing contact with Mr Douglas's family. Folk being queer as they are, none of this seems to have been picked up by the tabloids. Indeed, the calls that were forwarded to my desk from reporters on the Star and the Mail came from experienced journalists who claimed they were not even aware that a man had died in a London police station the week before the riots.

This type of attitude has led many members of the black community — and also many white residents of Britain's inner cities — to believe that we live in two different worlds. One white,

privileged and middle class, which is understandably outraged at the knifing and callous murder of London headmaster Philip Lawrence but which has almost forgotten the similarly tragic circumstances under which his namesake Stephen Lawrence, an 18-year-old black male, was brutally killed two years ago. On occasion these worlds appear to come into conflict with one another; but it would seem that, rather than using the opportunity to sit around a table and have a reasonable debate, many people attempt to apportion blame to an unspecified "minority".

No one denies that the British constabulary has an increasingly difficult task in protecting and serving the public. What many people believe, however, is that there are police officers who seem less committed than the vast majority of their peers to eradicating crime from our streets rather than pursuing a separate and corrupt agenda. In the wake of Mr Douglas's death, the most salient points that have arisen involve calls for a new policy for dealing with deaths in police custody. The

three main proposals are for the immediate suspension of any police officer in immediate contact with a person who has died in police custody; the institution of an independent public inquiry; and greater efforts towards the establishment of local consultation groups which would increase accountability of police officers to the local communities which they purport to serve.

Sir Paul Condon's response to the reports of the disturbances in Brixton seem to be misguided. Many eyewitnesses who claim that the actions of police officers on duty in the area directly led to the confrontation were not disgruntled anarchists; their comments were the observations of law-abiding citizens making their way home from leisure or work-related activities.

The Metropolitan police chief must take on board some of the criticisms that are made in regard to the behaviour of officers in charge. The fingerprinting must stop, and someone in authority needs to be large enough to accept some degree of culpability.

Michael Massive is news editor of the Caribbean Times

## France presses Iraq on UN sanctions

Mouna Naim

ALTHOUGH Iraq's attempts to get the West to ease the oil embargo are once again doomed to failure, Paris continues to press Baghdad to comply with the provisions of the United Nations resolution.

For the first time since 1990, a senior Quai d'Orsay official — Denis Bauchard, director of Middle Eastern affairs — went to Baghdad in mid-November to tell the Iraqi government that strict compliance with the Security Council resolutions was the only way out of the current situation. He told the Iraqis that, contrary to their expectations, amending Resolution 986 — which allows Baghdad to sell oil under certain conditions — was unlikely.

Bauchard also told Iraq that it should start being completely honest with the UN. Iraqi lies were revealed when two of Saddam Hussein's sons-in-law defected to Jordan on August 8. One of them, General Hussein Kamel Hassan, was in charge of Iraq's military industrialisation.

By sending an official representative to Baghdad, France has taken a considerable risk. It could damage relations with the United States and Britain, both of which will not budge on the question of easing the oil embargo.

Both capitals, informed by Paris of its initiative, have expressed their disapproval. But France has its own ideas on dealing with the Iraqi regime. It is convinced that if President Saddam is to be made to see reason, it must stick to its fundamental objectives.

France believes that the need for dialogue has become more urgent as the humanitarian situation in Iraq has deteriorated. Malnutrition — with food rations sufficient for only 40 per cent of the normal caloric intake — and the reappearance of diseases such as cholera, typhoid and malaria have increased the mortality rate, especially of children, and are exposing some categories of the population to great risk.

Until now Baghdad has regarded Resolution 986 as an infringement of its sovereignty, particularly the two conditions attached to the sale

of Iraqi oil. They are, first, that proceeds from the oil would have to be dispensed under close UN supervision. And second, that the Kurdish regions falling outside the Iraqi government's control would receive directly the share of aid allocated to them. This, Baghdad protests, would be tantamount to recognition of a de facto secession of these regions.

What Iraq fears most is that accepting Resolution 986 would indefinitely postpone implementation of Security Council Resolution 627's Article 23, which provides for lifting the oil embargo once Baghdad has complied with the disarmament clauses. Iraq claims that it has fulfilled these conditions.

But Rolf Ekeus, head of the UN special commission in charge of Iraqi disarmament, is still not satisfied. One expert said: "You can bet on the Americans doing everything they can to prevent application of Article 23."

By sending Bauchard to Baghdad, the Quai d'Orsay also wanted to distance itself from the host of French visitors — including promi-

nent politicians and others close to the government — who have been going to Baghdad and whose declarations are likely to cause confusion in the minds of Iraqi leaders, who might think that they are unofficial envoys.

One of the most recent visitors to the Iraqi capital was a former army chief of staff, General Jeannou Lacaze, who went there at the end of November accompanied by three senators (two of them members of the ruling coalition). They were received by President Saddam himself.

The France-Iraq Economic Co-operation Association (Afcie) — set up in July 1994 and whose chairperson is the RPR deputy for Maine-et-Loire, Roselyne Bachelot — has obtained Baghdad's go-ahead to form "a committee for the constitution of a Franco-Iraqi chamber of commerce and industry".

Gilles Munier, general secretary of Afcie, said that the new chamber of commerce would serve as an intermediary for the Franco-Arab Chamber of Commerce until that body was able to resume its work in Iraq. (December 12)

## Clear-eyed portrait of society

Michel Guerrin on an exhibition of the great German photographer, August Sander

IN 1927, when he was at the height of his powers, August Sander wrote a brief profession of faith that was to influence generations of photographers: "If, in all consciousness, I have the presumption to see things as they are and not as they should or might be, pray excuse me, but I cannot do otherwise."

Truth, exactitude and faithfulness were the inalienable qualities that guided the work of one of the greatest photographers and portraitists of all time. Sander (1876-1964) lived through two world wars. He experienced the horrors of the Third Reich, and his first book of photographs was banned by the Nazis.

He lived through some of the most decisive developments in the history of photography, from pictorialism to Neue Sachlichkeit (New Objectivity). He accumulated an impressive number of prizes and medals.

From the turn of the century on, Sander pulled off the rare double achievement of being able to earn a living from his photographs and producing work that turned out to be an enduring record of his time.

His portraits were revolutionary in their precision. In them, the sitter — usually male and often described in archetypal terms (peasant, locksmith, pastrycook and so on) — is only one element of the image; equal importance is often placed on anything from the subject's pose, clothes, haircut, job attributes or home to such accessories as a dog on a lead or a cigarette.

That is why Sander has mainly been identified with the large-scale documentary record of Germany on which he embarked at the beginning of the twenties under the ambitious title of *People of the Twentieth Century*. What he was trying to do was paint a portrait of mankind through representative portraits of various socio-professional categories.

The pictures he took between 1910 and 1950 are now on show at



High-School Boy by August Sander (1926)

the Centre National de la Photographie in Paris. This exhibition of originals, which was assembled by the Sander Archives in Cologne, has already been seen in Moscow, Tokyo and Bonn, and will later go on to Brussels.

Pride of place in the exhibition has naturally been given to Sander's portraits. They include such celebrated pictures as the Bricklayer's Mate, who carries a hodful of bricks on his

shoulders, and Young Peasants On Their Way To A Dance, where three farmers in their Sunday best, wearing hats and carrying walking sticks, have paused on a country path to turn and stare at the camera. But there are also landscapes, still lifes, flowers, montages and views of second world war ruins.

The hanging of the exhibition scrupulously follows Sander's own classification and numbering. Proceedings begin with country folk, whom Sander saw as embodying the original matrix out of which the rich spectrum of mankind was to grow, and continue with craftsmen, industrialists, workers, society ladies, doctors, chemists, aristocrats, politicians, painters, servants, political prisoners, the sick, and the dying.

Yet one is left with the feeling that the exhibition has not done justice to Sander. This is above all due to the absence of many of his most famous pictures — of a Cologne notary, a village schoolteacher, gypsies, circus artists, a fancy-dress ball in Cologne, revolutionaries and portraits of the painters Gottfried Brockmann and Anton Räderscheidt, the Dadaist Raoul Hausmann, the wife of the painter Peter Abelen and the communist Erich Mühsam.

Even more disturbing is the fact that Sander's breathtaking series of pictures of beggars, blind children, Nazis and persecuted Jews are also either absent or seriously under-represented.

What is on offer is a disturbingly watered-down sample of the photographer's work. His main aim, which was to show up the contrast between classes, the fractures of society and the impending chaos of the thirties, have been glossed over. What is left is a chocolate-box image of Germany, whereas Sander painted a ruthless portrait of a country in the grip of Nazism.

The exhibition set out to be a comprehensive retrospective, yet drew solely on one source, the Sander Archives. These are controlled by the photographer's heir, who can think of only one thing: how to protect the image of his illustrious forbear.

The organisers of the exhibition had no choice but to co-operate with the archives, which contain 4,000 original prints and 10,770 glass negatives, even though there are numerous remarkable prints — absent from the show — in many museums, such as the Getty Museum, or in private hands.

The hanging is also debatable: it restricts itself to a succession of pictures arranged by theme, when only a chronological presentation could have revealed the true significance of Sander's oeuvre, shown how his aesthetic approach evolved, and illustrated the great watershed of the second world war, which resulted in Sander being forced to restrict himself to landscapes.

One of the most fascinating aspects of Sander is his struggle to achieve visual truthfulness, the way he eschewed the affected aestheticism of pictorialism, and the influence of his upbringing, tastes, beliefs and judgments on his attempt to cast a lucid eye on German society.

Sander's caring attitude towards those who had been underprivileged by or excluded from society, his complicity with the intellectual world, his compassion for the disabled, the ferocious way he portrayed the great and the good, and the cruelty of his vision of young Nazis were patently evident in his photographs. That is why they were so loathed by the Third Reich, which censored them.

SANDER the carpenter's son explained why his *People of the Twentieth Century* opened with a chapter devoted to country people: "The characters come from Westerwald, where I was born: the human beings I had known since my youth down to their smallest idiosyncrasies seemed to me, because of their very links with the natural environment, the people who could embody my conceptions in an overall study."

Sander was an artist whose influence extended well beyond the field of photography. Contemporary painters conducted a dialogue with him through their works. Well-known photographers such as Diane Arbus and Richard Avedon and the film-maker Wim Wenders cite him as a key influence.

Like the pioneering French photographer Eugène Atget, Sander produced an oeuvre that lies at the meeting-point of two worlds, two centuries and two genres — art and document.

(November 17)

August Sander, Centre National de la Photographie, Hôtel Salomon de Rothschild, Paris. Closed Tuesday. Until January 22. Also now showing in Paris is the exhibition August Sander at Cologne, Goethe Institut, Paris. Closed Saturday and Sunday. Until January 31

But when it comes to describing and analysing society, the two approaches are not in competition. On the contrary, they provide each other with mutual support and justification.

Sander the entomologist provided an exhaustive picture of every species of human insect, and embarked on what he called "a subtle hunt" for subjects not only deep in the Rhineland countryside, but in the salons and slums of Cologne. Dix, who adored monstrous subjects, selected the most remarkable examples of them and, through the intensity of his drawing and colour, elevated them to the level of archetype.

The dialogue between the two disciplines as defined by Neue Sachlichkeit extended beyond the parallels drawn between Dix and Sander. Karl Blossfeldt not only photographed plants but studied them with the same manic attention as a botanist. The resulting black-and-white prints are reminiscent of oils by the painter Fritz Burmann.

There are similarities between the photographic work of Hans Finsler and drawings of Rudolf

Dischinger or Karl Hubbuch, whose *Swimmer in Cologne* recalls views of that city taken by Sander from the steel bridge over the Rhine.

As for the portraitists who influenced Sander and Dix, they include, in addition to Max Beckmann of course, George Grosz, Christian Schad, Rudolf Schlichter, Conrad Felixmüller and Anton Räderscheidt.

It so happens that Räderscheidt was one of Sander's favourite models. He posed in Sander's photographs in virtually the same way as he did in his own self-portraits, so it is impossible to tell who influenced whom. But in any case it is probably less relevant to talk of influence than of an interplay of intentional and well-thought-out correspondences.

(November 17)

**Le Monde**

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# The Washington Post

## Cambodia Slides Back Into Violence

Kelth B. Riechburg  
in Phnom Penh

A NEWSPAPER editor is gunned down in broad daylight. A grenade is tossed into a Buddhist temple, wounding 50 supporters of the political opposition. Troops and tanks appear in the streets as a show of force against a prominent critic of the government. The ex-Communist co-prime minister orders his newly formed private army to destroy his enemies, whom he likens to "worms."

Cambodia has been widely touted as a success story — a model of global peacemaking in the post-Cold War world. The United Nations spent close to \$3 billion trying to break the cycle of tragedy.

But today, two years after U.N.-sponsored elections were supposed to have ushered in a new era of democracy and economic recovery, Cambodia appears to be sliding back to its familiar pattern of political violence, assassination and repression.

During the presence of the massive U.N. mission, the country witnessed a brief flowering of open democracy, with political parties forming, dozens of newspapers appearing on the streets, and new groups launched to monitor human rights.

"The expectation was that Cambodia under the aegis of the United Nations had been cured and was on the road to liberal democracy," one foreign resident said. "But when you step back and look at it, the idea that little Cambodia with all its tragic problems would suddenly become the most democratic country in Asia was totally unrealistic."

The current rulers — led by the former Communists installed during the decade-long Vietnamese occupation — are trying to establish a new dictatorship, according to many Cambodians, human-rights groups and some Western diplomats.

Although the country is largely peaceful, with the Khmer Rouge guerrillas reduced to making small-scale attacks, the government appears bent on silencing all opposition and talks of staying in power until 2010. Critics accuse the international community of un-



A village militia trains near Phnom Penh. Guns appear to be playing an increasing role in Cambodian politics

seemly silence, protecting the myth of the Cambodian "success story."

"Cambodian democracy is in a free fall now," said Lao Mong Hay, director of the Khmer Institute for Democracy. "The countries that co-signed the international agreements are our safety net. Whether democracy will fall through that safety net to the floor and be killed remains to be seen."

Many Cambodians express particular disappointment with the United States, widely seen as a champion of human rights and democracy. But the U.S. Embassy has for the most part remained silent about the mounting, documented cases of abuse of the government's opponents.

"The interest of the U.S. govern-

ment in Cambodia is not human rights or democracy," said Ahmad Yahya, a Cambodian member of parliament who holds an American passport. "The interest of the U.S. government is stability. . . . They don't put pressure on the leadership, because they want to work closely with it and see that the country has stability."

The United States provided about \$50 million in aid to Cambodia for the 1995 fiscal year, an embassy spokesman said, including money to rebuild the road to the port at Sihanoukville, support for democratic institutions and \$5 million in emergency food aid.

A House-backed proposal to grant Cambodia most-favored-nation trading status is being held

up in the Senate, where Sen. William V. Roth, R-Del., has expressed concern over the mounting evidence of human-rights abuse.

Cambodia was not supposed to turn out this way. After two decades of turmoil and bloodshed — the 1970 military coup, the 1975 takeover by the radical Communist Khmer Rouge, the horror of the genocide that followed, then Vietnam's 1978 invasion and decade-long occupation — Cambodia at last seemed ripe for recovery.

The fractious, Western-backed resistance coalition signed a 1991 peace accord in Paris with the Communist regime, and that cleared the way for the dispatch of thousands of U.N. troops to separate the warring parties and organize elections.

That 1991 pact also committed all factions to establish a pluralistic, multi-party democracy that would guarantee human rights. The United States was one of the main players in achieving the agreement.

The elections took place in 1993. Cambodia became a constitutional monarchy, with Norodom Sihanouk returning to the throne he lost in 1970. The political party that Sihanouk created, the royalist Funcinpec led by his son, Norodom Ranariddh, came out ahead of the ex-Communists in the voting.

As far as the world could tell then, Cambodia was a success: The "good guys" won, and the United Nations departed.

And that is when the problems began. Ranariddh agreed to form a coalition government with the ex-Communist, restyled as the Cambodian People's Party, who finished a close second in the balloting.

The two parties agreed to share everything, splitting ministries and naming "co-ministers." At the time, the power-sharing arrangement was seen as a novel recipe for political stability.

But the ex-Communists never really relinquished administrative control, not in the ministries and not at the district and village level.

The People's Party's control is perhaps most pronounced in the police and security units, which have been blamed for most of the attacks on opposition politicians and their supporters, and on journalists.

## Priests Teach Youths to Say No to Mafia

Daniel Williams in Palermo

THE Revs. Paolo Turturro and Gino Sacchetti, Roman Catholic priests and anti-Mafia crusaders, live lives of dangerous irony. As prison chaplains, they minister to Mafia convicts, try to get them to go straight and occasionally do them small favors, such as carrying messages to relatives and lawyers.

But each man is also a kind of prisoner. Outside jail, they relentlessly urge youths to reject organized crime and the Mafia's hold on impoverished neighborhoods. For this work, they have earned the unforgiving hostility of local crime bosses and therefore must work, walk and travel under armed escort supplied by the Italian army.

"I constantly get threatening messages from the Mafia. Basically, they say I am a walking cadaver," said Turturro, a white-haired priest in the Borgo Vecchio neighborhood of Palermo. "It is hard to get used to."

"I can't even go get a cup of coffee without my escort," said Sacchetti, who works in Termini Imerese, a port town 20 miles east of Palermo.

They are two of a handful of priests who are battling Mafia influence in Palermo, the capital of the Cosa Nostra, an organized crime in Sicily is known.

All the activist priests have been threatened with death. The nuncios are as diverse as a simple letter or a car set on fire. A dozen live under constant military guard. A few others have abandoned Palermo for more tranquil posts on the Italian peninsula.

The role of organized-crime fighter is a new one for the Catholic Church in Sicily. Once it was a passive observer that, like many individual Italians, regarded the Mafia as a folkloric if sometimes dangerous phenomenon somehow rooted in the culture of Sicily.

The growth of the drug trade, ever more violent inter-clan wars, and attacks on police and prosecutors during the past 15 years made the church's passivity intolerable to some priests.

In the early 1990s activists began to meet and discuss ways of liberating neighborhoods from Mafia control. It is an uphill battle. Unemployment in parts of Palermo and Sicily approaches 50 percent. Steady income is a major attraction — even if it comes from crime.

The priests set up small-business and employment agencies. They wrote Pope John Paul II letters urging him to take a stand. He responded in 1993 by calling the Mafia "the work of the devil."

Shortly afterward Sacchetti, who operates an anti-drug program, received a message in the form of a bloody lamb's head on his doorstep. A note pinned to it said, "This is how you'll end up."

But not all priests are involved in the battle, and there are whispers that certain bishops, who maintain traditional links to Mafia families and their funding, oppose anti-Mafia activism. Prosecutors are investigating officials in the Palermo diocese of Monreale for Mafia connections.

## Baby Boomers' Challenge to the Media

Richard Harwood

CHERYL RUSSELL, writing in *American Demographics* magazine, alerts us to a forthcoming media extravaganza commencing on January 1, 1996. That is the date on which "the first 7,745 of 78 million baby boomers turn 50." By year's end, 3.4 million will have reached that age, and by the year 2005 baby boomers will represent a majority of the population aged 50 to 74.

We can thus expect, for a variety of reasons, cover stories and introspective essays galore. The boomers already are the most celebrated generation in our history. That is because there are so many of them, because they are a generation "entirely unlike older generations of Americans," Russell writes, "both in attitudes and lifestyles" and because the ringmasters of the media are themselves boomers with a self-con-

scious and understandable interest in delineating how far they have come and where they are going now.

This is the time in their lives when they are concerned about putting kids through college, the time when a lot of divorces are likely to occur, the time when they are at or nearing the peak of their earning powers, when they are beginning to worry more about their careers and their health, the time to start thinking about retirement and their post-retirement lifestyles. Many of them, alas, will have thoughts of death as they encounter high blood pressure, heart disease and arthritis and watch their parents and growing numbers of their contemporaries pass on to the great beyond.

They are the first generation to have grown up with television, and have become the most affluent and educated cohort of Americans in history. As they reach these mile-

stones of middle age, the newspapers have a particular interest in them as customers. We are holding our breath in the hope that with the graying of this generation they and their children will find that newspapers are as relevant to their lives as older generations had done. We worry, too, that the "negativism" and "tabloidism" of the press have turned them off.

People with the most money and education buy the most newspapers. The boomers rank high on both counts and buy more newspapers than other age groups. But measured in terms of household penetration, the numbers are not encouraging. Thirty years ago, more than 80 percent of Americans 35 to 54 read a paper on a weekday; the percentage today is 65 percent.

"The attitudes of the boomers — shaped, many believe, by the media — may have something to do with

this. They are the first generation of the "post-industrial" era, an era in which many of the old certitudes of American life have been shaken by social and economic upheavals, including a loss of status and economic position by the middle class and by corrosive racial and gender divisiveness. This seems to have produced among the boomers widespread cynicism and distrust toward almost all of the institutions of our society, the media included."

However, they retain a good deal of the idealism and optimism of earlier days. This is especially true of journalists in the national media. Their work may not always show it, but a majority, according to a *Time*-*Mirror* pollsters report published this year, believe that public officials in Washington, corporate executives, clergymen and military leaders are basically honest and ethical people. Their instincts are far less negative than the public would have it and far less negative than the populace at large.

## Computer Hackers Target the Web

Elizabeth Corcoran

COMPUTER hackers are turning their unwelcome attentions to the World Wide Web, the fast-expanding branch of the Internet where individuals and organizations make electronic words, pictures and sounds available to people all over the globe.

Web "sites" are among the easiest places on the Internet to disrupt and sabotage, experts say, in part because many people who set up such displays pay little attention to security. Even more problematic is that one of the catchiest features of the Web actually makes security breaches easier: some Web sites encourage people to electronically

"chat" with others using the site or to send them messages and comments. That can leave the site open to digital interlopers in the same way a homeowner who leaves open a basement window for the cat is vulnerable.

Although no one likes to admit being hit by cyber-sabotage, a few incidents have surfaced:

□ A day or two after the Million Man March in Washington, the Web site of the Nation of Islam was altered. The intruders rewrote text on the site, peppering it with racist messages.

□ MGM-United Artists' Web site advertising the movie *Hackers* was hacked. A couple of weeks before the film's debut, digital vandals left spray-paint-like graffiti on images

stored at the site, along with a few choice words.

□ Computer News Daily, a Web site sponsored by the New York Times Syndicate that features articles from more than a dozen publications, was receiving 60,000 "hits," or visits from several thousand people a day. In mid-August people trying to fetch articles from the site found it had become frustratingly slow. Someone had gummed up the site by bombarding it with endless streams of irrelevant messages.

The World Wide Web is a network of linked computers. On them, individuals post colorful personalized material — photographs, stories, favorite sayings are common — that web users all over the world

can call up onto their screens. Companies and organizations place material about products or purposes.

Individuals typically pay an online service company to maintain the material for them on their computers, where it exists as magnetic impulses stored electronically, awaiting a command from a distant computer to send it for viewing.

There are no sure-fire ways to ensure safety, experts caution. But people setting up Web sites should familiarize themselves with basic computer security measures. They should ask the service company that maintains the Web site its safeguards against intruders. Those who develop a Web site should keep a close eye on it for unwanted intrusions.

But for now, "web sites are generally less protected than other parts

of the Internet," said Peter Tippet, president of the National Computer Security Association, a consulting firm in Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

More experienced Internet users might recognize that any computer that hooks into the Internet can leave itself open to cyber-sabotage. Those with interactive features such as e-mail or chat are more at risk.

But there isn't a lot of discussion of sabotage. Some people believe the sites are so easy to break into they present little challenge for computer hackers seeking a thrill. Others say no one wants to admit their site was invaded. "The incidents have to be handled delicately because once there's blood in the water, it excites the sharks," said Richard Power, a senior analyst with Computer Security Institute, a San Francisco think-tank.

## Confucius Says: Go East, Young Man

Many Asians now think their values are better than 'the American way', writes T. R. Reid

THE ASIAN leaders gathered in Osaka last month for the annual Asian-Pacific Economic Cooperation (APEC) summit expressed pious regrets that Bill Clinton had to cancel his attendance at the last minute.

At some level, though, they were probably delighted. The image of a US president trapped in Washington by political chaos surrounding a red-ink budget can only strengthen the Asians' growing superiority complex toward the once-revered USA. Many Asian politicians, scholars and business leaders are proudly proclaiming these days that there is an ocean of difference in basic social values across the Pacific. They have decided that the Western, democratic, Judeo-Christian value structure, with its emphasis on the primacy of the individual — in short, "The American Way" — is fundamentally different from the Eastern, group-oriented, vaguely Confucian cultural pattern that is now proudly labeled "The Asian Way." And it's not just that the values are different. Rather, these Asian Neo-Confucianists insist that their cultural values are better than ours.

"Many Western societies — including the United States — are doing some major things fundamentally wrong today, while a great number of East Asian societies are doing the same things right," argues Kishore Mahbubani, a Singaporean scholar and diplomat who has emerged as the Max Weber of this new "Confucian Ethic." In an endless series of articles and lectures bearing titles like "The Dangers of Decadence" and "Go East, Young Man," the engaging and articulate Mahbubani tells his fellow Asians that "the American boat is sinking" and that a strong dose of Confucian values is needed to set things right. "If Americans were to try to begin learning from Asians, their nation would become a better place." Even in Japan, most Westerners of the Asian nations, there is a movement to turn back East. "By following the insights of Confucianism," insists the Japanese academician Kichitaro Katsuta, "we can

avoid the social catastrophe befalling the West, the result of centuries of individualism and egotism." Americans, still patting themselves on the back for winning the Cold War, may not be ready just yet for another global ideological struggle over first principles. But an increasingly wealthy and confident East Asia is eager to engage us in a debate that raises direct challenges to cherished Western ideals.

Fueling the notion of "Asia Good, America Bad" is the palpable sense of social and economic well-being sweeping over East Asia. Overall, the Asian members of APEC have much higher economic growth rates than the Western democracies — coupled with much lower rates of unemployment, violent crime, drug use, broken homes, welfare dependency and other detritus of Euro-American society.

From Kuala Lumpur to Kawasaki, people cite the 1994 World Bank report that sought to predict which countries would be the richest on earth a quarter-century from now. In that ranking, four of the five wealthiest nations, and seven of the top 10, are Asian. The United States, the world's richest nation today, is projected in second place in the year 2020, between China and Japan.

Economic statistics can go up and down, of course — just ask Japan, yesterday's Asian Superman, now wallowing in extended recession. But Asia's current crop of Neo-Confucians look more at social indicators than economic statistics.

"You Americans have this mantra about your high standard of living," Mahbubani told me once, soft-spoken and amiable even as he plunged the rhetorical dagger. "And yes, if standard of living means the number of square feet in your home, or the number of channels on your TV, America leads the world. But if standard of living means not being afraid to go outside that home after dark, or not worrying about what fifth your children will see on all those TV channels, then our Asian societies have the higher standard." That gets to the core of the Neo-Confucian case against Western democracy.

The free nations of Europe and America are simply too free, the argument runs; they have gone too far to indulge individual freedom at the expense of society as a whole. When Asian leaders talk about



American democracy, the names that come up are not Washington or Jefferson, but rather Tonya Harding, Howard Stern, the Menendez brothers and the Michigan Militia.

Naturally, the Neo-Confucianists are encouraged to see Americans agreeing with them on some points. When Mahbubani complains that "Abolition of religious instruction in (public) schools has resulted in a loss of direction," he is singing a chorus right out of Pat Robertson's hymn book.

One of the nicer ironies of the Neo-Confucian boom is that this whole "Pan-Asian" movement borrows its most basic concept from Western thought.

The very existence of a "Far East," a place called "Asia," is a modern Western invention, dreamed up by European geographers and traders.

If the geography underpinning the Neo-Confucian boom is a tad ambiguous, the same can be said for the basic philosophy. As with the ancient prophets of other cultures, Confucius and his ideas are open to a wide range of interpretations.

The great sage Kung Fu-tzu (that Latinate name, "Confucius" is another Western concoction) was appalled by the vice and corruption all

times well-meaning people are unfortunate and self-righteous... Western individualism leads to a clash of egos that will destroy tolerance." Katsuta has Westerners in mind when he denounces intolerance and self-righteousness. In fact, though, the world capital of self-righteousness at the moment may well be the tidy, industrious and thoroughly intolerant city-state of Singapore, a place tightly controlled by Lee Kuan Yew's personal clique of self-styled Neo-Confucians.

Lee charges that Americans "have abandoned an ethical basis for society" — and he's not about to let the same thing happen on his island. Thus police keep watch from the rooftops of Singapore to catch people committing such crimes as littering or chewing gum. Parents of school children deemed to be overweight receive letters ordering them to change the family menu. The government tells people how much of their money to save.

If this is The Asian Way, most people would probably be happy to do without it. But many Neo-Confucianists say Lee's Singapore is a gross perversion of the sage's teaching. These critics say that autocrats like Lee and Malaysia's Mahathir have appropriated Confucius as a high-minded rationale for maintaining personal power.

Confucianism need not necessarily involve the spine-and-span authoritarianism of Singapore. South Korea, a bulwark of Confucian learning to this day, is a noisy, dirty, rambunctious nation where people not only chew gum on the streets but do many more offensive things there as well. But Koreans furiously deny that they are less Asian than Lee Kuan Yew.

"Lee's view of Asian culture is not only unsupportable but also self-serving," charges Kim Dae Jung, the veteran South Korean politician who risked his life repeatedly opposing military dictators in his own country.

Kim insists that dissent and democracy are cherished Confucian ideals, and that the master's teaching was a key element in South Korea's dramatic switch to democracy in 1987. In short, proponents of The Asian Way are hazy about which direction their Way is headed. In Asia, though, the most important point is that it is not The American Way. The Neo-Confucianists are convinced that their cultural pattern is preferable, and they want to whole world to know it.

"For the past several hundred years, the world has been dominated by Greek and Judeo-Christian ideas," Kim Dae Jung wrote recently. "Now it is time for the world to turn to Asia for another revolution in ideas."

Confucius thus advocated tolerance," Katsuta maintains. "The Christian rule encourages well-intentioned activism. But some-

times well-meaning people are unfortunate and self-righteous... Western individualism leads to a clash of egos that will destroy tolerance." Katsuta has Westerners in mind when he denounces intolerance and self-righteousness. In fact, though, the world capital of self-righteousness at the moment may well be the tidy, industrious and thoroughly intolerant city-state of Singapore, a place tightly controlled by Lee Kuan Yew's personal clique of self-styled Neo-Confucians.

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## Reflecting on the Final Days of Emmett Till

John Milton Wesley writes on the legacy of a lynching that took place in a little Mississippi town

THE BUILDING still stands at the intersection of Weber Street and Highway 49W in Ruleville, Mississippi. The gas pumps are gone, and so is the red kerosene tank from which we pumped a quarter's worth of "coal oil" for wood stoves, barbecue pits and lamps. The old occupants are gone, too, along with any sign of how, 40 years ago, they damaged the psyche of every young African American male in the nation.

The current residents of what was once Michelle's Grocery are African American. That would not be so surprising, were it not for the tenants who once lived above the store. The Michelles treated African Americans with respect and fairness. Their children played with us. During the early 1950s we shared birthday parties and make-believe swims in shallow plastic pools in the store's backyard. All the while Mrs. Michelle cranked out home made ice cream, popped popcorn and kept an eye out for bad guys who might suddenly come upon children of different colors innocently enjoying being children.

After old man Jack Michelle died, the store changed hands. To us, the children of that sleepy town north of Jackson, it was the closing of a safe port in a sea of bigotry, racism, apartheid, segregation and cotton. For nothing had prepared us for the characters who would somehow come to life in our midst.

The new owners were J. W. Milam and his half-brother, Roy Bryant. Milam had admitted that he and Roy had lynched Emmett Till, the 14-year-old black youth from Chicago who was accused of whistling at a white female.

Only a few of us had ever seen Emmett Till. He was one of those kids who came from "up North" every summer to join us in the cotton fields. Not because they had to, or needed the money, or the grass sacks filled with government-issue cheese, powdered milk, meal and flour, but because they needed a break from the hustle and bustle of urban life.

Emmett stood out among the Chicago boys because he talked continuously, seemed mature for his age, wore a straw hat, had funny-looking, light-colored eyes and all the girls thought he was cute. Like other black boys who came from up North he could keep us spellbound with stories of white girlfriends, the forbidden fruit. After all, they were our masters because they were white, regardless of their ages. Even our parents and grandparents called white children mister and miss. It was custom. In our minds, the thought of referring to a white child in Mississippi as a girlfriend or boyfriend could mark a black child or his family for retaliation from the Ku Klux Klan, or from anyone who was white and aware of the thought, comment or rumor.

Yet we were always intrigued by wallet-size photographs from Life or Look magazine that the Chicago boys carried in cheap plastic wallets. We believed they were real photos of girlfriends, and that up North you could have a white girlfriend and it was okay. We imagined racial bliss, and integrated movies

where blacks didn't have to sit in the balcony. We imagined dancing to Little Anthony and the Imperials singing "Shimmy, Shimmy, Shimmy Bop," and slow dragging to Smokey Robinson and the Miracles crooning "You Really Got a Hold On Me." We believed that up North there was no color line. We believed that blacks only had to stay in their place in the South, in Mississippi. After all, we had our stories too. Our stories were of people who left the fields on Friday and disappeared without a trace by Monday morning. Somehow we knew that if they didn't show up in jail, they would surface in Chicago. We also knew they would return one day talking "proper," the men with "processed" hairdos, loud-colored suits and pointed-toed shoes. If they made it real big, they would be driving a Cadillac. Such was the mystique of the flight north: the myth of the black exodus to the promised land.

To us, Chicago boys like Emmett Till relished their ability to dazzle us with their lack of fear of white people. It never occurred to us at the time that they always made these boasts when there were no white folks around to challenge them. We could only marvel at what we imagined their lives must be like in a place where your seat on the bus was determined not by the color of your skin but by the availability of a vacant seat. To the children of the Mississippi Delta, Emmett Till was Marco Polo, who had gone to the New World and returned this summer to let us know what to expect.

### Chicago boys relished their ability to dazzle us with their lack of fear of white people

But in August 1955 things would change forever, and this Marco Polo would never return alive, and no black boy would ever think of his world the same way again.

We had heard rumors of black men being beaten and even lynched for reasons most people would think absurd. Still, we were beguiled by stories of black boys with white girlfriends. Real or imagined, the notion of a white female speaking intimately to a black man or encouraging him to touch her was a fantasy. The more stories we heard from Chicago boys, the more we believed that maybe we were reading the signals wrong. Perhaps white females really did want to be with us intimately. Perhaps all girls were the same, regardless of color. Maybe if we acted a little less scared we too could have white girlfriends and earn bragging rights. Never mind the admonition always present in our minds, that in Mississippi such an offense was punishable by death.

We had no idea that on August 28, 1955, Emmett Till would come face to face with this horrible truth. It all began at a general store in Money, a one-horse town not far from the Tallahatchie River. This general store was frequented by bus loads of cotton choppers and pickers. We went there for lunch at noon time to buy pork 'n' beans, sardines, cinnamon rolls and RC cola. Often we stopped there on the trip home from the fields in the evenings. It was a place of alcohol, tobacco, gossip, rumors and pathos.



ILLUSTRATION: FRANCES JETTER

On this particular weekend, rumors were afoot that Emmett Till had entered the store on a dare from some of his young friends and begun a conversation with Roy Bryant's wife, who was behind the counter. While his friends peeped in from the outside, Emmett talked freely with the woman. Though it was never proven, an account has it that he "wolf-whistled" and inadvertently touched her in a "non-sexual" way. At this point Emmett's friends became frightened and warned him that they should all run away.

As rumors of the incident spread, Emmett began to share his friends' concern. He talked of cutting short his stay and returning to Chicago. His aunt felt the incident would blow over if he kept quiet and out of sight.

Sometime in the wee morning hours of the following Sunday, two white men went to the home of Emmett's aunt and uncle and took Emmett.

When Emmett's savagely beaten and decomposing body was found eight days later, he had been bound with barbed wire, shot in the head and thrown or rolled into the Tallahatchie River, weighed down by a 74-pound fan used to draw hot air out of a cotton gin.

Immediately, Milam and Bryant were suspects, at least in our minds.

Reluctantly, these were, of course, "upstanding" white citizens of our community — they were arrested by local authorities. They admitted abducting and beating Emmett but said they did not kill him. Five white lawyers volunteered to represent the brothers, and an all-white jury acquitted them.

Later, in a paid interview with the novelist and journalist William Bradford Huie, Milam acknowledged the murder. "The killing was justified," he said in the Look article. "Well, what else could we do? He [Emmett] was hopeless."

"I'm no bully; I never hurt a nig-

ger in my life. I like niggers — in their place. I know how to work them. But I just decided it was time a few people got put on notice."

"As long as I live and can do anything about it, niggers are gonna stay in their place. Niggers ain't gonna vote where I live. If they did, they'd control the government. They ain't gonna go to school with my kids. And when a nigger even gets close to mentioning sex with a white woman, he's tired of living. I'm likely to kill him... I stood there and listened to that nigger throw that poison at me, and I just made up my mind. 'Chicago boy,' I said, 'I'm tired of them sending your kind down here to stir up trouble. Goddamn you, I'm going to make an example out of you — just so everybody can know how me and my folks stand.'"

By the time this article appeared in 1956, I was 8 years old. I was well

### The notion of a white woman speaking intimately to a black man was a fantasy

aware of how J. W. Milam and his folks stood. In their minds they lived in a society in which blacks were believed to be genetically inferior to whites.

There was a climate widely accepted by most segments of the white community, and now even sanctioned by law, or so it seemed to us. The court verdict was not what made this so evident at the time. It was the presence of the local police, state police, sheriffs, deputies and constables who joined the Milams' weekend beer crowd on Saturdays at the store some 200 yards from our front door. By now the corner of Weber Street and 49W had become a gathering place for bigots.

Often when word reached the

store of an escape from the State Penitentiary at Parchman, the penal farm a few miles to the north, an instant posse was formed. Without warning, dozens of armed, intoxicated white men would set out, often stopping home long enough to pick up their bloodhounds. Many times, when the hunt was over, they returned to the store in a caravan. They often signaled their arrival and success by firing into the air.

If the death of a peer brings with it a sudden sense of mortality, especially to a child, then the presence of the killers in our midst as neighbors and free men not only confirmed the obvious, but bordered on the absurd. Only the children really knew the impact of the arrival of this family on the deepest of levels, in those places which once changed remain forever changed.

Soon the parties at the store became a little rowdier, and were not confined to weekends. Soon the Shoemakers, a white family who lived on county property adjacent to our small plot of land, forbid their daughter Angie to play with me, or any of the black kids in the neighborhood. She could no longer come over to our house to practice her lessons on our piano, even though her family did not own one. Angie's father, who drove a bulldozer for the county road department, came home one afternoon and proceeded to bulldoze a makeshift playhouse he had constructed for us earlier. Her mother later explained that the family had been warned that Angie and I should no longer be allowed to play together.

The psychological impact served only to further confuse and lower our self-esteem and deepen the age-old notion of white supremacy. It already seemed odd to us that when we were in the fields chopping and picking cotton, white children were home playing or involved in some organized community activity to which we had no access. To us, if black and white children could no longer play together, not because of something we had done but because of some inherent dark stain on our soul only visible to whites, then just maybe to be white was better.

It was now obvious that to survive the physical threat of white supremacy, one had to consciously avoid certain types of environments and people. We knew — though there were no words in our young vocabularies to express the thought — that the more sinister threat was the possibility that we, as African Americans, were inferior to whites simply because of our color.

In the days that followed, my life and that of my friends changed, and so did our community. We mapped out routes to town which took us away from and around the store. We were warned not to act like we really knew who the brothers were, or what they had been accused of. We were warned not to whistle in public; we were warned not to look at white women at all, and to speak with them only when spoken to and when absolutely necessary. We were warned not to look white men in the eye. We were told there would be no more birthday parties in the backyard of Michelle's Grocery. We were told to keep our oatmeal cookies to ourselves. By then it didn't matter. For us the age of innocence was already dead.

John Milton Wesley, a poet and author, is director of partnership development and marketing for the National Clearinghouse for Alcohol and Drug Information in Rockville.



## Notes &amp; Queries Joseph Harker

**WERE** any undercover German agents caught in Britain during the last war? If so, what happened to them?

**THE** Kent Messenger newspaper, dated June 13, 1947, contained a report concerning my late father, police inspector LA Hadlow. Recalling the arrest of four spies on Romney Marsh in 1940, it states: "These men, landed from fishing boats, came ashore at Dymchurch and Greatstone. Two were arrested near Dymchurch sea wall and another one at Littlestone... Insp Hadlow, who was in charge of the police on Romney Marsh and Hythe, took out a 'dawn patrol' of police and military and arrested the [fourth] spy. This man had already established wireless communication with enemy territory, fitting his aerial between two bushes."

"During the trial one of the spies turned King's evidence and he escaped execution, which was the fate of the other three." — *Jeanne A Hambley, Bradford*

**DOES** any other country have a national anthem whose words are solely about its head of state?

**THERE** is at least one: that of Negara Brunei Darussalam, or the Kingdom of Brunei, Abode of Peace.

*God Bless His Majesty  
With a long life  
Justly and nobly rule the kingdom  
And lead our people happily forever  
Peacefully be the Kingdom and Sultan*

*Lord, Save Brunei, The abode of peace.*

"His Majesty" is Paduka Seri Baginda Sultan Haji Hassanah Bolkiah Mu'izzaddin Waddaulah.

Sultan and Yang Di-Pertuan of Brunei Darussalam. It gained full independence from Britain in 1984. — *Ward Edwards, Singapore*

**NATIONAL ANTHEMS** Of The World by Reed and Bristow records that Brunei's anthem is about its Sultan; Denmark's is about its ancient King Christian; and Oman's calls for the protection of the Sultan. — *Heather Hawthorn, Nottingham*

**SURELY** the prize goes to the Netherlands, which has a national anthem about its leader of four centuries ago and goes: "William of Nassau, I am, of German blood... I have always honoured the King of Spain." — *Ces van Puiten, Adelaide, Australia*

**FRENCH** onion men were a feature of my 1950s childhood. Where did they come from, and what has happened to them?

**THE** Johnny Onions came mainly from around Taile, south of Roscoff on the north coast of Brittany. In the fifties, the area grew onions, shallots, artichokes and early season vegetables. Families would fill up a lorry with onions and come over to England and sell them on their bikes. When they retired, they spoke English with the dialect of where they had worked. Most of the district has since been denuded of trees and planted with cauliflowerers. The glamour is gone: you can't do much now.

**MY WELSH-BORN** mother remembered French onion men when she was a child of 10 (c.1908) in Swansea. She claimed they



Johnny Onions: Bretons on their bikes were a feature of the fifties

spoke Gaelic which was understood by the Welsh-speaking inhabitants of the city. — *Franca Gainer, Calgary, Alberta, Canada*

**WHAT WAS** the single most profitable financial transaction in history?

**THE LOUISIANA** Purchase and the Alaska Purchase were mere bagatelles compared with a land sale in 1870. The Hudson's Bay Company sold Rupert's Land to the Government of Canada for £300,000 (approximately \$1,500,000 at 1870 exchange rates). Rupert's Land was defined as "all that land drained by rivers flowing into Hudson's Bay" and consisted of 900,000,000 acres of land which comes to around 8,000 per acre. The deal was so

good for Canada that it allowed the company to keep 7,000,000 acres of the best farmland. — *Keith Stufyn, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada*

**THE WORD** "cleave" has two opposite meanings, either to stick together or to split apart. Are there other words that do the same thing?

**A FAVOURITE** example of mine is "fast" as in running fast versus "standing fast". Irony and sarcasm are based on the possible coexistence of opposite meanings in a word. A fat chance is really a slim chance etc. — *Prof Giovanni Carzaniga, University of Sydney*

**THE MOST** poetic use of this is in Gerard Manley Hopkins's greatest poem, "The Windhover": "Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here/Buckle! Buckle means both bend under intense pressure and fasten together. Hopkins's use of the word is deliberate and fits in with his whole approach to life. "Glory be to God for dappled things." — *Laurie Cherniack, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada*

**IN THE** United States the verb "table", in parliamentary procedure, can mean to raise an issue for discussion or to delay discussion of an issue. According to OED this is because when you raise an issue in Congress everyone talks incessantly to no purpose and you might as well have moved to postpone debate indefinitely. That sounds about right. — *Tim Morris, Texas, USA*

**DOES** a novel or short story written in the second person exist?

**YOU'RE** impressed by Elna O'Brien's novel *A Pagan Place* because of the use of the second

person. You found the technique was a powerful way for you to understand the feelings being expressed by the author. — *Simon Moseley, New Plymouth, New Zealand*

**MELVYN BRAGG'S** *A Time To Dance* is written in the second person. There is also a film by Chris Marker, *Sans Soleil*, that uses the second person for the voice-over. — *Penelope Hanley, Canberra, Australia*

**MICHEL BUTOR** published a novel in the second person: *La Modification* (Les Editions de Minuit, 1957), translated as *Change Of Heart*. — *Jeffrey Lamas, Yale University Library*

## Any answers?

**WHO** first realised the need for an international date line, and what problems arose in its delineation? — *Steve Kelly, East Sussex*

**WHY** are dried grapes referred to as sultanas? Does it have anything to do with "sultan", meaning the wife of a sultan? — *Tim Goodwin, Queensland, Australia*

**WHAT** were the "corresponding societies" of the 18/19th centuries? Who were the members? What did they correspond about? — *Denk Rowntree, Darlington, Northants*

Answers should be e-mailed to [answers@guardian.co.uk](mailto:answers@guardian.co.uk), faxed to 017 534 4471 or 017 534 4472, or posted to The Guardian Weekly, 75 Farringdon Road, London EC4A 3DF. Notes & Queries Volume 6 is now available, published by Fourth Estate, price £12.99

## Chess Leonard Barden

**THIS MONTH'S** Fide zonal tournament at Linares was a rebuff for English hopes. At stake were five places in the 1996 interzonal, for which the top UK players, Short, Adams and Speelman, are pre-qualified; and, judged by world rankings, Miles, Hodgson and Sadler all had good chances of progress.

Miles dominated the early rounds and led by 1.5 points at half-way, while Sadler defeated Spain's number one in only 12 moves, a stunning result which is possibly the quickest decisive all-GM game with-out an obvious blunder.

Ilecasas-Sadler,  
Queen's Gambit Accepted

1 d4 d5 2 c4 dxc4 3 e4 Ne6 4 Bc3 Nf6 5 Nc3 e5 6 d5 Na5 7 Nf3 Bd6 8 Bg5 Stronger than c6 played previously. Now White's best is to regain his pawn by 8 Bxc4 Nxd9 9 Qa4.

8 Qa4? Bd7!! The point. Black sacrifices a knight to put the white queen in such jeopardy that the ensuing rescue operation wrecks White's entire game. 9 Qxa5 a6 Threatening b6 winning the queen. White must try to create a retreat route to d2 and e1.

10 Nh1 Nxe4 11 Kd1 c3! 12 Resigns. Here b6 is again threatened, so White can only continue 12 b4 b5 13 Qa3 a4 14 Qc1 xba1 15 Bb3 (else 15-14 traps the other bishop) when both Ne5 and f5 leave Black an overwhelming game, with three excellent pawns for a knight and White's army left on the back row. You have to admire Miguel Ilecasas for resigning. Many grandmasters would be so appalled at losing they would struggle on just to avoid publicity.

The Linares zonal then took a dramatic turn. Ilecasas fought back to win first prize outright; Miles, tired and stressed by his lead, lost in the final two rounds and went into a speed play-off with three Dutchmen, two Frenchmen and the lowest-ranked English contender, Peter Wells. The Dutch trio qualified easily, Wells scraped into the final

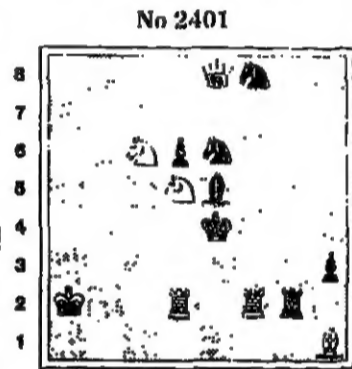
qualifying place and Miles lost out. So Wells joins Short, Adams and Speelman in the 1996 interzonal at Yerevan. He is at his best in complex openings and it was typical that this win should come from the controversial Poisoned Pawn Sicilian.

Peter Wells-Lock van Wely,  
Sicilian

1 e4 c5 2 Nf3 d6 3 d4 cxd4 4 Nxd4 Nf6 5 Nc3 a6 6 Bg5 e6 7 Qb6 Qd2 8 Qxd2 Qxd2 9 Rb1 Qa3 10 Bxd6 Qxd6 11 Be2 Ne6 Back in 1970, Fischer preferred Bg7 12 0-0 f5.

12 Nxc6 bxc6 13 0-0 Be7 14 Kh1 0-0 15 f5 Kf8 16 e5! This sacrifice opens up e4 for the white knight en route to the K-side, and signals problems for Black on the d file. dxe5 17 Rb3 Qa5 18 Qh6 Rg8 19 Nc4 Qd8 20 Rh3 Rg7 21 Rd1 Bd7 22 Rhd3 Ra7 23 Qe3! Winning a piece, for Rc7 fails to 24 Qd3, Qb8 24 Rxd7 Rxd7 25 Rxd7 exd5 26 Qb3 Qg8 27 Rxe7 fxe4 Black's three pawns for a bishop are no real equivalent since Black's king is too exposed.

28 g3 Qd8 29 Rd7 h5 30 Rg7 Kxg7 31 Bxh5 Qd7 32 Qe3 Qd5 33 a3 Qc4 34 Qe2 Qd4 35 Qx4+ Kf8 Kf8 36 Qg6 is also hopeless. 36 Qe6 Resigns. After Kx7 37 Q7+ White's queen and bishop will soon force checkmate.



White mates in two moves, against any defence (by B J de C Andrade). Many earlier solvers have been tricked by this puzzle.

## Bridge Zia Mahmood

**THE DECLARER** in a grand slam contract, who has so far lost no tricks, leads the queen of diamonds from the dummy and plays the six of spades from his hand. Hearts are trumps and your diamond holding is K 10 5 3 2. What card do you play?

You all know me by now, so you will correctly deduce that the answer is the two, or the three, or anything but the king. If you'd like to know why this is the answer, look at the deal below, which comes from the latest book by Robert and Philip King. Called *Contract Killers*, the book contains some wonderful bridge hands written in the style of four great crime novelists.

This hand featured Don Vito Cortisone — the Bridgefather — against two unscrupulous lawyers called Sharp and Kean. North-South game, dealer South (see table).

Don Cortisone led the jack of hearts, and Kean saw that he would make his grand slam if the spade finesse succeeded or if he could establish enough club winners in dummy to discard

North			
♠ A J 3			
♥ A 5 2			
♦ Q			
♣ A J 10 3 2			
East			
♠ 10 4 2			
♥ 4			
♦ J 9 8 7 6			
♣ K Q 7 4			
South			
♠ K 9 8 6			
♥ K Q 9 8 7 3			
♦ A 4			
♣ 6			
West			
♠ Q 7 5			
♥ J 10			
♦ K 10 5 3 2			
♣ 9 8 5			
Correspondence			
♠ No	3	No	No
♥ No	4	No	No
♦ No	5	No	No
♣ No	No	No	No

two spades from the South hand. Winning the first trick with the queen, he led the nine of hearts to the ace, cashed the ace of clubs and ruffed a club. When an honour did not appear on this trick, an ordinary declarer would have cashed the king of spades and finessed the jack, making the contract easily enough.

## Hitting the marc

Colin Luckhurst

**OUR** adventures on bicycles in various regions of rural France in recent years, we have often been tempted, by way of post-prandial indulgence, to try the local marc.

It has usually been offered at the end of a dinner which has lasted from 7.30pm to 10pm, and which has most frequently been taken out on the terrace and under the trees in the sultry heat of late summer.

So, a digestif has often seemed to me not entirely a bad idea. And why not try the local product? The French are touchingly loyal to their local wine producers we have learned on these adventures, and the local marc, offered as an alternative to cognac or calvados, is a reflection of the quality and nature of what the local vignerons produce.

Marc, technically, is the distillation of the second pressing of the pulp, stalks, and assorted vinous debris which follows the first pressing for the wine. In recent years it has been increasingly available only as a commercial product.

But that is a function of legislative change forced on local custom because, historically, every vigneron had the right to distill his own marc. And this created a tradition, now coming to its end, of the travelling alchemist, the mobile still which toured the peasant vineyards in the weeks after the vendange to provide a distillation service for every wine producer.

The law, revised almost 30 years ago in the interests, as the French so quaintly put it, of the suppression of inebriety, made it impossible for the individual vigneron to bequeath his entitlement to make a marc, along with his land, to his heirs and successors. The right died with the individual from the enactment of

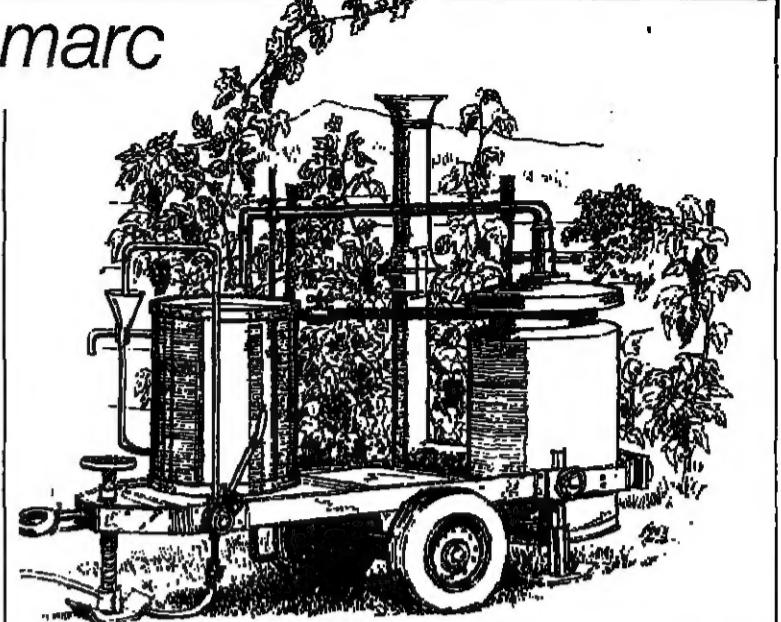


ILLUSTRATION: GEOFF JONES

the legislation and the tradition of the travelling still, once a regular autumnal scene in wine producing areas, declined steadily from that time.

The local marc, and we have tried it in the Beaujolais and in Guillac in recent summers, can be a fierce and unsophisticated digestif redolent at its worst of the vine stalks which feature inevitably in the second pressing.

**ALWAYS** willing to try a new taste experience, I was easily tempted to try a balloon glass of the potion, but to my palate an aged calvados, with the heady scents of apple, usually wins on points. And they cost much the same at the table.

We were tempted by the grappa, the Italian version of the product, when we were awheel in Umbria last summer. But the tradition of the local peasant distillation in the autumnal mists interested me when I was reading Geoffrey Grigson's *Notes From An Odd Country*. The area of Trôo, north of the Loire, from which he was writing, is on the northern extremity of French wine production.

Cider starts only a little farther north.

His book, first published in 1970, recorded already the decline in the vineyard distillation tradition. I asked his daughter, Sophie Grigson, the well known writer and broadcaster on matters culinary, what she could tell me about the survival of the tradition.

She replied that she well remembered the travelling stills arriving in the village after the vendange. Heath Robinson devices, belching out smoke from one end and a trickle of fiery marc from the other. But she implicitly confirmed the decline to which her father had alluded.

And you cannot deny the good sense, in public policy terms, of restricting the right to manufacture a highly alcoholic spirit in every tiny viticultural domain.

The French have long won the international league table title for the incidence of cirrhosis of the liver, a complaint directly associated with excess drinking — marc available in a large proportion of rural homes would not have been helping the statistics.

## Letter From Namibia Margaret Bradley

## Mining for the meaning

**THEY CALL** Namibia the gem of Africa — there's a slogan for every community and countries can be countermillions too. It's also an inappropriate name because Namibia's rocks produce a rainbow of precious and semi-precious stones — diamonds, tourmalines, garnets, amethysts, rose quartz, aventurine — and metals too, gold, copper, lead, uranium. Wherever you go there are mines; large ones which dominate the towns that have grown up around them and small ones hidden away on private farms. Their revenues keep this country going. Their troubles make newspaper headlines.

At the gym the other day I saw a T-shirt bearing the legend "Mine Alert" on someone working out near me. As I settled onto the seat of the pec deck, I wondered which mine was in crisis and why. Perhaps it was the Navachab gold mine near Karibib whose workers are striking in protest against management getting higher wage increases and longer holidays than workers — a familiar story to anyone watching UK privatised industries. Here there is the added tension of management being almost exclusively white and workers black.

Or perhaps the problem was at Oranjemund. Inexplicable though the sandy, arid wastes of the Namib Desert may be, in the first decades

of this century it was the get-rich-quick paradise of the world. Sometime in prehistory, diamonds were washed out of Kimberlite pipes far inland and borne down river to the Atlantic, whose waves tumbled and sorted the crystals before depositing them in a vast swathe of coastal dunes. There they lay hidden until 1908 when a worker building the railway line in German South West Africa discovered a bright pebble.

Soon all kinds of people, from sailors who had jumped ship to shopkeepers and bar girls, had washed up there too. Towns such as Kolmanskop sprang up to cater for the prospectors. Men in the casino would shoot down the Venetian glass chandeliers for fun and casually order the cost to be added to their bills. But those days are long gone. The concession was soon sold to Harry Oppenheimer and the whole area closed to the public. The diamonds, 98 per cent of which are said to be of gem quality, go to Amsterdam and larger for cutting, though the Miners' Union of Namibia is asking De Beers to set up an indigenous diamond cutting and polishing industry to bring jobs and money back to a heavily unemployed nation.

Of course, in post-independence Namibia homelands and passes have been abolished but the infamous contract labour system remains. Leaving their families

behind, men come to live in single quarters, work for a fixed period on a low salary, then return home to wait and see whether perhaps another contract will be forthcoming.

But perhaps the mine alert was at Rossing, the largest open-cast uranium mine in the world. In the early eighties huge profits were made by the owner, RTZ, but as the stranglehold of trade boycotts tightened around the South African apartheid regime, which ruled Namibia till 1990, against the decree of the United Nations, contracts began to dry up.

**WORSE STILL**, as much of the world has turned its face against nuclear power after Chernobyl, prices have dropped, forcing the company to retrench. And Rossing is also facing the consequences of employing workers who are now aware of their rights and are questioning the company's safety record. A recent test case brought against RTZ by a worker suffering from cancer has, however, proved disappointing. The High Court in London has referred it back to the Namibian courts for trial. With no legal aid available, the litigant is unable to bring his case against an employer as powerful as a multinational.

But perhaps the alert has not so much to do with people as with

prices. The town of Tsumeb, whose streets are lined with purple bougainvillea, scarlet flamboyant and hatched-blue jacaranda is dominated by a spidery metal structure above a fabulously rich mineral vein, producing mainly copper but also zinc, lead, silver, cadmium and a variety of crystals, 40 of which are said to exist nowhere else on earth. Rumour has it that in the good old days of high prices, the taxes due to the South African government from Tsumeb alone more than paid for the road it built to Angola in a vain attempt to defeat the Peoples Liberation Army of Namibia. But the last time I was there, the information board at the entrance bore the following sad record: "Days worked without a disabling accident 34: Target 70: Previous best 67."

And even the greatest mine is eventually worked out. With rock bottom metal prices and newer, more modern extraction practices elsewhere in the world, Tsumeb can hardly afford to extract its dwindling resources.

Don't think it impossible for towns to die in this day and age. Kolmanskop is not alone. The tin mine at Uis closed four years ago as the price of tin on the world's stock exchanges plummeted. Built only to service the mine, the whole of Uis came up for auction earlier this year. Everything was to be sold as one lot: houses, supermarket, clinic, swimming pool, golf club... even the church. On the coast, or nearer the game parks, it might have become a home tourist asset but it is lost in the middle of the Namib

Desert, surrounded by a waste of sand and gravel plain... Perfect for a new religion.

But then again, considering the drought in Namibia — cattle are dying on the communal lands south of Gobabis near Windhoek, and the capital will run out of water if the rains aren't good this year — perhaps it is Kolmanskop that is at fault. Situated near Grootfontein, in the midst of Namibia's only truly fertile maize-growing and milk-producing land, Kolmanskop could be about to cause a major ecological disaster. A fissure in the rock has allowed underground water to gush into the mine, obliging the owners to pump it out into Hereroland. As a result the water table on some farms has dropped 30m, forcing farmers to dig more and deeper boreholes in order to tap fossil waters lying far below the savanna surface.

Musing, I moved on to the leggy tender machine. Now the T-shirt was exercising opposite me on the abductor and as I looked again, I realised that beneath the heading there was a second line which read: "If you see one, don't touch it, tell someone." Light dawned. So the crisis was not in the gold, diamond or copper towns of southern Namibia. It was in Ovambo land, which was sprinkled with land mines during the war of independence, making it impossible, half a decade later, for farming or travel in some areas. This is today's mine alert in Namibia, but make no mistake, it is not in the game parks, or nearer Tsumeb, Kolmanskop or a host of other small towns and villages.

## Bridge Zia Mahmood

**THE DECLARER** in a grand slam contract, who has so far lost no tricks, leads the queen of diamonds from the dummy and plays the six of spades from his hand. Hearts are trumps and your diamond holding is K 10 5 3 2. What card do you play?

You all know me by now, so you will correctly deduce that the answer is the two, or the three, or anything but the king. If you'd like to know why this is the answer, look at the deal below, which comes from the latest book by Robert and Philip King. Called *Contract Killers*, the book contains some wonderful bridge hands written in the style of four great crime novelists.

This hand featured Don Vito Cortisone — the Bridgefather — against two unscrupulous lawyers called Sharp and Kean. North-South game, dealer South (see table).

Don Cortisone led the jack of hearts, and Kean saw that he would make his grand slam if the spade finesse succeeded or if he could establish enough club winners in dummy to discard

North			
♠ A J 3			
♥ A 5 2			
♦ Q			
♣ A J 10 3 2			
East			
♠ 10 4 2			
♥ 4			
♦ J 9 8 7 6			
♣ K Q 7 4			
South			
♠ K 9 8 6			
♥ K Q 9 8 7 3			
♦ A 4			
♣ 6			
West			
♠ Q 7 5			
♥ J 10			
♦ K 10 5 3 2			
♣ 9 8 5			
Correspondence			
♠ No	3	No	No
♥ No	4	No	No
♦ No	5	No	No
♣ No	No	No	No

two spades from the South hand. Winning the first trick with the queen, he led the nine of hearts to the ace, cashed the ace of clubs and ruffed a club. When an honour did not appear on this trick, an ordinary declarer would have cashed the king of spades and finessed the jack, making the contract easily enough.

But Kean spotted an extra chance. Not a legitimate chance, to be sure, but this was of no concern. Kean led the three of hearts to the six in dummy, then led the queen of diamonds from the table. When East played low, South discarded a spade! If the Don had won the trick with his king, Kean would have "discovered" that he had some diamonds after all, replaced the spade discarded with the ace of diamonds, and taken the spade finesse.

When Don Cortisone played low on the queen of diamonds, though, Kean assumed that it was East who held the king and had failed to cover the queen. Kean thereupon replaced his spade with his small diamond, expecting to be able to discard diamonds' losing spade on the ace of diamonds later. But in this situation the rules allow West to replace his card also, so Don Vito took the queen of diamonds with the king to defeat the unbreakable slam. Buy *Contract Killers* for Christmas. But don't give it to anyone until you've had a chance to read it first!

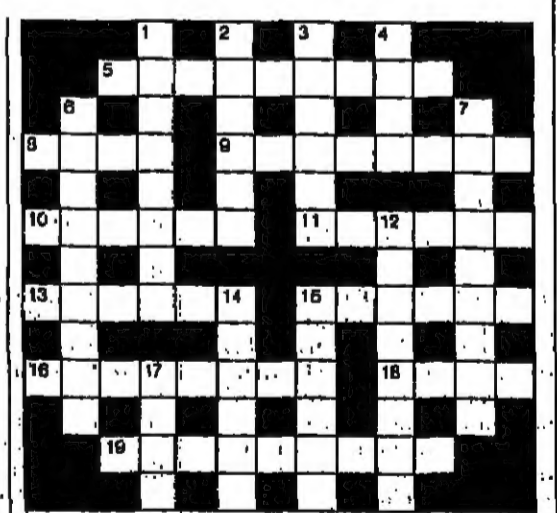
## Quick crossword no. 294

## Across

- Noticeable (9)
- In the centre of (4)
- (Acting as) informer (8)
- Indian city with duck (6)
- Cure (6)
- Thoroughfare (6)
- Water down (3)
- Fearless (8)
- Melody (4)
- Shaw play, often upset (9)

## Down

- Within the bounds of belief (8)
- Forge (8)
- Fisherman (6)
- Fastening or unit of speed (4)
- Of consequence (9)
- Victorian statesman with bag (9)
- Referring to soldiers (6)
- Drink (6)



15 Subtract (6)  
17 Freedom to hang oneself? (4)



Illegal trading in cigarettes has become a multi-billion dollar business which has led to gang murder.

Andrew Higgins and Leonard Doyle investigate

## The fag end of the smuggling trade

**T**HE witness — let's call him Witness X — left for work in his new black Porsche. He never arrived. It wasn't until two days later that his battered corpse was found, floating in a laundry bag near Clifford Pier in Singapore harbour. He had been badly beaten; his mouth and nose had been sealed with masking tape and three lead-weighted diving belts were strapped to his torso.

The body of Witness X was found on April 1, two weeks before he was due to fly to Hong Kong. There he would have identified himself before a Crown colony court as Tommy Chui — and would have betrayed the secrets of a cigarette syndicate involving Chinese triads and corrupt customs officials.

Had Chui, a cigarette trafficker, made it to court he could have put on public record what he had already told investigators from Hong Kong's Independent Commission Against Corruption (ICAC). Those statements have prompted a worldwide investigation into detailed allegations which include:

□ Bribes of up to HK\$100 million (\$12 million) paid by a cigarette syndicate to several employees of the Hong Kong subsidiary of British-American Tobacco. (All have since left the company and there has been no suggestion that BAT knew of these bribes or was in any way connected with the Witness X murder in Singapore.)

□ Involvement by triad gangs in smuggling to the world's biggest cigarette market, China and Taiwan, of many brands which are produced by foreign multi-national firms.

□ Collusion by corrupt customs officers and shipping companies in an illicit cigarette trade which is said to cost China up to a \$1 billion in lost revenue each year.

A glance at the official US export and import statistics for cigarettes shows that a third of the world's exports — that is, 280 billion cigarettes — "disappear" every year. They are logged out as exports from the US, but somehow drop off the official statistics and are widely assumed to have fallen into the hands of highly organised smugglers. Investigators believe that smuggling on such a scale deprived governments of more than \$15 billion in tax revenues last year.

"The main beneficiaries are the cigarette manufacturers who get paid in full for their product, and the smugglers who make a fortune on every container of cigarettes they divert," says Luc Jossens, a Belgian anti-smoking campaigner whose business is tracking the complex routes by which smugglers get the cigarettes on the market without having to pay duties.

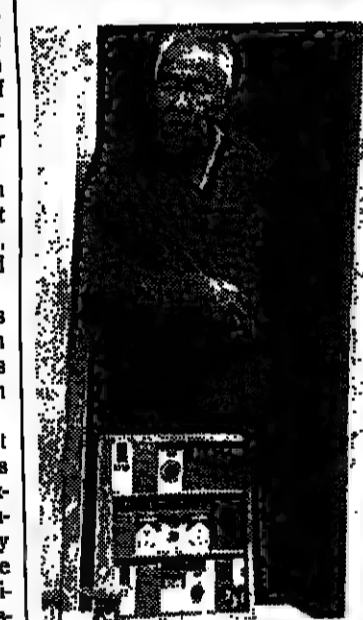
The Chinese government estimates that it loses \$1 billion in revenues annually from black market trading in imported tobacco; the duty on cigarettes in China is up to 420 per cent and cigarette taxes represent 7 per cent of total Chinese tax revenue.

The Belgian port of Antwerp with its vast warehouses is now the main international transit port for US manufactured cigarettes. Last year

it handled 72 billion cigarettes, out of a total of 74 billion imported to the EU. There are many curiosities of the Antwerp trade: one of them, for example, is that over a third of the cigarettes which arrived there were forwarded to Cyprus — where even if everyone chain-smoked they couldn't work their way through a fraction of them. Many of these cigarettes are sold to Lebanese businessmen based in Cyprus who then supply them to the Middle Eastern market.

Others are shipped to Albania, from where they are broken into smaller consignments to be smuggled into Italy. Others are shipped to Gibraltar, a den for trafficking into Spain, where smuggled Winston cigarettes are estimated to make up 10 per cent of the market.

But many of the cigarettes never leave the EU and are simply diverted by criminal gangs while in transit. Customs officials estimate that two lorry-loads of cigarettes go missing every day: that's 20,000,000 cigarettes. In some cases, forged customs documents are handed in to support claims that the cigarettes left the EU and that no import taxes are due. In other cases, lorries are



The new opium of the people... China is now the world's largest market in illegal cigarette trading

simply hijacked by gangs while in transit. The profits on a container of tax-free cigarettes are enormous — some \$60,000 — and the risks relatively low. If the container is seized, the loss is only the \$21,000 it cost to buy the consignment. The risks are much lower than the drugs trade, and tobacco traffickers are not social pariahs.

But this is relatively minor illicit business. When James "Buck" Duke, founder of the business empire now known as British American Tobacco, first heard of a new cigarette-making machine, he shouted: "Bring me the atlas." He pointed to one vast country in particular: "That," he said, "is where we are going to sell cigarettes."

He was talking of China — and in Buck Duke's day, its population was only 430 million. Today, it is more than 1.1 billion and 300 million of those are confirmed smokers. Be-

Nearly a third of the 910 billion cigarettes exported last year 'disappeared' only to be smuggled back on to the marketplace at a cost of some \$15bn in lost taxes.



Cigarettes are shipped tax free from the UK and US. Traffickers buy them and provide customs with false or forged documents to 'prove' that they have been re-exported. Sales boom as cigarettes are diverted via the blackmarket to Europe, China, and South America.

fore the 1949 Communist revolution, half of BAT's profits came from China: the BAT brand, State Express 555, was Mao Zedong's favourite smoke. Along with other the other multinationals, BAT is scrambling to get back into a market four times bigger than that of the entire former Soviet Union, the other major growth area.

Anti-smoking campaigners feel that the rush to sell cigarettes to China now is very much like the opium trade, which began early in the 19th century when international trading firms cold-bloodedly set out to make as many Chinese as possible addicted to the drug, and then profitably supply that addiction. Hong Kong itself was seized from China by Britain after the 1841 Opium War mostly as an amenable place from which to do business in the drug. Like today's multinationals, opium traders hired lawyers and experts to debunk the "mischievous fallacy" that opium is addictive and dangerous: "The use of opium is not a curse but a comfort to hard-working Chinese," argued that notable Hong Kong firm, Jardine and Matheson.

Because of import restrictions in China, foreign cigarettes are only meant to be available in special tourist shops, but two recent reports, one by NatWest Securities, the other by Salomon Brothers, point out that BAT actually controls half the market for imported cigarettes in China. A former BAT employee supplied information which was substantiated by market analysts: that 20 per cent of BAT's 1993 profits — around \$200 million — was based on revenue from cigarettes subsequently smuggled into China.

Worldwide cigarette consumption fell slightly last year, but western manufacturers are booming, thanks to the demand for mid-to-late status-symbol brands in Russia, Eastern Europe, Southeast Asia and China.

Crucial to this are distributors like Giant Island Limited, a firm which Witness X helped set up in 1986 and which he later accused of paying bribes and smuggling billions of cigarettes to China and Taiwan. Between 1986 and 1993, Giant Island and associate firms purchased more than \$1 billion of cigarettes, mostly from BAT.

A former director of the firm and partner of Witness X, Chong Tsui-jun, has been charged with tax fraud. Also in detention is a former Hong Kong customs officer, Henry Tin, arrested in connection with smuggling allegations.

Between 1986 and 1993, Giant Island and associate companies became a leading distributor of cigarettes for BAT Company (Hong Kong) Limited, a subsidiary of Britain's third largest firm, BAT Industries Group. It also peddled Japanese cigarettes purchased from a Hong Kong subsidiary of Japan Tobacco International Ltd. It has been alleged that Giant Island increased its highly profitable relationship with BAT through pay-offs to staff.

In a Hong Kong court last month, a magistrate reviewing charges against Chong, referred to very large sums of money paid by Giant Island to Jerry Lui, BAT's former export director, who has left Hong Kong. Bank records, the magistrate added, showed that "very large sums of money were paid to Jerry Lui" from an account used by Giant Island. He found no evidence to link Chong to such money, suggesting the real culprit was another partner.

"We are aware of the bribery allegations against former BAT employees," said Mr Knight of BAT in Hong Kong. "BAT has a corporate ethics policy which does not permit the acceptance of material gifts or incentives backed by strong management controls. No one has been dismissed for taking bribes."

**B**AT runs a large factory in Hong Kong and also uses the territory as its regional headquarters. Instead of selling directly to the retail market, it relies on authorised distributors. Some of these dealers focus on the Hong Kong market itself, buying duty-paid cigarettes for sale inside the territory. Others, like Giant Island, concentrate on the more lucrative export trade.

Professor Judith Mackay, an anti-smoking campaigner based in Hong Kong, says that illegal trafficking does not damage the business of the multinationals. It develops brand loyalty in new markets: "They lose nothing from smuggling. It makes their cigarettes cheaper. This means more people can afford them and take up the habit." Most smuggled cigarettes carry no health warnings.

The NatWest Securities report noted that BAT had maintained sales to China despite tight import restrictions imposed in 1993: "Since BAT's cigarettes reach the Chinese market through informal channels, mostly via Hong Kong, this has had little effect on actual volume."

BAT declined to comment specifically on what "informal channels" might involve and said only: "We are aware that some of our products do end up in China. We do not condone this and have lobbied Chinese authorities to reduce taxes and trade barriers to remove the incentive to smuggle." (In 1941, Lord Palmer-

ston said, when the Chinese retaliated against the foreign traders by banning opium imports and resolutely confiscating and destroying their stock-in-trade: "While the opium trade is forbidden by law, it must inevitably be carried on by fraud and violence.")

For smugglers to avoid China's heavy duty and strict controls on imports demands meticulous planning, but the profits are immense and the penalties far less severe than for drug trafficking. A favourite ploy is allegedly used by Giant Island was to arrange a secret rendezvous in the South China Sea for ships which had been loaded up with cigarettes from bonded warehouses in Hong Kong and Singapore. The cigarettes would then be transferred to fishing boats, out of the many small and large Chinese ports, for an onward journey. Fearful of pirates, imposters and government officials, the smugglers identified each other using a pre-arranged code — the serial number of a Chinese banknote. Each month as many as 100,000 boxes, containing a total of one billion cigarettes, entered the Chinese market in this way.

How did an experienced multinational like BAT become entangled with an outfit as dubious as Giant Island? When a rival cigarette trader started to cut into its business with BAT, Giant Island called on the services of gangsters like Bernard Lam, Dark Cow and Tall Fat, and it is this kind of triad connection which may have led to the death of Witness X. Police have now issued arrest warrants for five suspected killers, all of them known members of the Wo On Lok Triad Society, which is more elegantly called Shui Fong (Water and Wind).

One of these is Johnny Cheng, former prison officer jailed in Hong Kong in 1988 for attempted murder, and currently under mainland Chinese detention in Beijing. Hong Kong authorities have asked that he be handed over for questioning.

Witness X's murder certainly seemed like a Chinese gangland execution. That black Porsche of his was later found in a parking garage on the fourth floor — four bodies with strong connections to death in Chinese; its keys were left on the ground, arranged in the signals of a triad gang.

The murderers even left a coded explanation of their deed. The three diving belts they fastened to Witness X before dumping him in the Singapore harbour each had a different number of lead weights. One had four, another five, another six: a configuration, say experts in the arcane lore of triad numerology, coded a message: "Death for betrayal of the brotherhood."

### EASTERN AND SOUTHERN AFRICAN INITIATIVE IN DEBT AND RESERVES MANAGEMENT (ESAIDARM)

## VACANCY

### MACROECONOMIC AND FINANCIAL MANAGEMENT PROGRAMME DIRECTOR

The Eastern and Southern African Initiative in Debt and Reserves Management is a regional inter-governmental organisation of ten countries with its Secretariat in Harare, Zimbabwe. The Initiative's aim is to build and strengthen capacity in member states to manage external debt and reserves. ESAIDARM's mandate has recently been expanded to include training in macroeconomic and financial management. Applications are now invited from suitably qualified candidates for the position of Programme Director to head the newly created Macroeconomic and Financial Management Training Programme.

#### The Job

Reporting to the Executive Director and working in close consultation with senior officials of the Ministry of Finance and Planning, Central Banks and other affected Government departments in Member States, the Programme Director:

- manages the entire Macroeconomic and Financial Management Training Programme;
- gives strategic direction to the Training Programme;
- designs annual workplans, co-ordinates the design of courses and training material, recruits trainers and trainees and evaluates and submits reports on the training programme.

#### Requirements

An advanced degree in an area of Macroeconomics or Finance with several years proven senior managerial experience in a Government Ministry/Department or Central Bank coupled with excellent communications and writing skills. Applicants must also be computer literate. Additionally, applicants with previous experience in managing a major training programme will have an advantage. Applicants should be citizens of countries of the Eastern and Southern African sub-region.

#### Benefits

The successful candidate will be appointed to a fixed-term contract at a negotiated remuneration package competitive with other regional organisations.

#### Application Procedure

Applicants should submit a detailed CV, with names and addresses (including telephone and fax numbers) of three referees, by 15th January 1994 to:

The Executive Director  
ESAIDARM  
P.O. Box 2860  
Harare  
ZIMBABWE  
Fax No: 263-4-735074  
Tel No: 263-4-722054



## MARIE STOPES INTERNATIONAL

(A Registered Charity)

A registered charity, Marie Stopes International is an overseas aid organisation specialising in designing and managing reproductive health care programmes in Europe, Africa, Asia, Latin America and the Arab World.

### MALAWI - PROGRAMME CONSULTANT

Marie Stopes International's local partner based in Blantyre currently runs 5 reproductive health centres and an innovative marketing/communications programme. It will be expanding to 45 reproductive health centres and allied activities over the next 8 years, making it the longest non-governmental provider of health services in Malawi. A Programme Consultant is required to assist and support the Programme Director and Management Team in the implementation and management of the programme in line with project objectives.

The Programme Consultant will be responsible for the provision of the management support and technical assistance in order to strengthen the organisation structure, human resources management, financial management, management information systems and programming capabilities, ensuring strategic and operational planning and for monitoring implementation.

You will be educated to degree level, have a minimum of five years work experience and will previously have lived and worked in Africa. You will be self-starter motivated, proactive, flexible, and excellent communicator and be able to work under considerable pressure. You will have particular experience in organisational development, human resource development and financial management. Experience of large scale programme management is desirable. You will also be interested in women's health and overseas development.

This is a 2 year contract with the possibility of renewal and is based in Blantyre, Malawi. The salary is £20,000 which should be tax free, plus accommodation and other benefits. Preference will be given to non-smokers.

For more information please contact +44 (0) 171 547 7424 (answerphone), quoting reference MSJ 02.

Closing date: 8 January 1994.

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Lingnan College	USL Chinese	W44605
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Lingnan College	ULUAL Management	W44608
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Dreaming of a  
green Christmas

Multicultural schools are replacing the Nativity story with a more earthly message, writes Lyn Gardner

THE Virgin Mary is in a bit of a tizz, and the archangel Gabriel is in hot dispute with a minor cherub. At St Luke's Church of England primary school in Kingston upon Thames, the four- and five-year-olds are getting ready for the third-and-final performance of the annual Nativity play.

Within minutes, peace will have broken out and the play will begin. Mary will be serene, with a smile as enigmatic as that of the Mona Lisa, the host of seraphim and cherubim will be positively angelic, the lambs fluffy, and the singing, if not exactly celestial, certainly loud enough to drown out an entire heavenly choir.

You might think that at this time of year scenes like this would be enacted in schools all over the country, but in fact with the exception of church schools like St Luke's, the customary Nativity play is fast becoming as much of a rarity as beef on school dinner menus and TV-free Christmases.

Mary, Joseph and the Baby Jesus are no longer automatically taking centre stage when it comes to the annual Christmas school show. The

traditional Nativity play — itself a residuum from the ancient liturgical dramas and the medieval Feast of Fools celebration combined, with a dash of Victorian sentimentality — is giving way to the 90-second Nativity, the Nativity scene from the innkeeper's point of view, even the donkey's point of view.

In some schools, the Nativity is being eased out altogether or relegated to the tots in the nursery. Increasingly, the Baby Jesus is getting the same billing as Santa, the tooth fairy and Rudolf the Red-Nosed Reindeer.

But while some parents feel cheated if they don't get to see their little darling dressed in a white sheet sporting a tinsel halo, others welcome the shift of emphasis.

At schools like Gayhurst, a Hackney primary school where 22 languages are spoken and 38 per cent of the children speak a first language other than English, Christmas is just one of any number of religious festivals that the school aims to celebrate. In last year's Christmas show, which took the

theme of light, the Nativity was featured (the 90-second version) but so too was the Hindu festival of Diwali.

The real question at urban, multicultural schools like Gayhurst is not whether to do a Nativity play but how to negotiate the issue of Christmas altogether.

"We have to walk a thin line between meeting parental, staff and the children's expectations of what they see outside the school, and also meeting the needs of those children in the school for whom Christmas doesn't happen at all," says head teacher Diane Rourke.

Ironically, while government legislation requires schools to provide religious education and collective worship that is of a broadly Christian character, the introduction of the National Curriculum has

hastened the demise of the Nativity play. In some schools, teachers and pupils are so exhausted by the demands of the syllabus that no one can summon the energy to practise "Away in a Manger" unless they can find a way to link the properties of straw or the mean average winter temperature of stables into key stages One and Two of the National Curriculum.

"It's important that children have an opportunity to experience and take part in productions. The sheer amount of teamwork and co-operation involved is an education for the children in itself," says

Patrice Baldwin, head of Tunstead primary, a rural primary school in Norfolk, and chair of the Primary School National Drama Panel.

They know all about teamwork at Latchmere Junior School in Kingston upon Thames. On the stage of the school hall an age-old struggle between good and evil is taking place. But the opposing forces are not angels and devils, but the Greys and the Greens.

In A Green Christmas, an environmental musical, the Greys, led by Main Threat and his assistants Miss Guided and Miss Led, are trying to convince everyone that environmental problems don't exist. Meanwhile the Greens, led by Con Servation and Lorraine Forest, want to persuade humans to use the Earth's resources sparingly. Christmas could be threatened unless the Greens win.

Six teachers and around 90 chil-

dren from the upper school have been working on the Latchmere production after school since last September, a rehearsal period that compares rather favourably with the National Theatre.

"Our children are quite a sophisticated bunch," explains Wendy Allen, Latchmere's English coordinator and the director of A Green Christmas. "We have to look for a show that has a theme that will excite and interest the children. This year they've been involved in a project to improve the environment of the playground so this musical fits in rather well."

But if A Green Christmas seems far removed from the traditional Nativity, Wendy Allen is determined to make a link. To this end, she has provided a coda to the play that paradoxically provides the show's strongest dramatic moment.

As a star appears in the night sky signifying the end of the grey era and a new beginning for the world, the Three Wise Men appear at the back of the hall and slowly make their way to the front, three small, timeless figures taking a long walk into eternity.

Around the corner at St Luke's, the strains of "Away in a Manger" die away for the second time. Parents beam at their angels beatifically. The angels beam back.

After the performance, as the Virgin Mary skips homewards, I ask her if she is looking forward to Christmas. "Don't be silly," she says crossly, "we've just had Christmas."



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## Word from the House

## OBITUARY

### Sir Francis Boyd

**Artful distractions . . . Mobiles form part of the colourful collection at London's Chelsea and Westminster Hospital** PHOTOGRAPH: SEAN SMITH

**Institute of Art to provide works for the homes.**

The history of art in British hospitals is gloomy. Rich benefactors saw the donations of religious paintings to hospitals as a deposit for heaven when their time came. At the Hospital of St Wilstan, dying patients were taken to a room where the panels were painted with scenes that included St Erasmus on a wind-buss being disembowelled. On the wall opposite was St Michael weighing souls to decide their destiny. Today at the Chelsea and Westminster, patients see the long silk banners of Patrick Heron dancing in the breeze.

At the hospital's open day, earlier this year, 1,500 people came to tour the hospital. Asked about what impressed them most, the operating theatres were in first place. The second most popular feature was the art.

The Manchester Guardian's new parliamentary sketch writer was Francis Boyd, who has died aged 85. He was then only 28, young for one of the paper's senior reporting posts, but he started his story in the way that precisely reflected the country's strange mood on that extraordinary occasion: "Members of the House of Commons got as near today to a sense of the peace of God that passeth all understanding as human beings are ever likely to do."

"Sardonic" is a word which well described Boyd. In his 30 post-war years as the paper's lobby correspondent and then its political editor, he was renowned for his night telephone calls to the news desk when the House was sitting. "Boyd here. B-O-Y-D. I'm the political correspondent. I'll be here tonight if the Government falls."

## ***Raising the company profile***

A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a person, likely a dancer or performer, captured in a dynamic pose. The individual is wearing a light-colored, patterned skirt and a dark, possibly sequined or beaded, top. They are positioned against a dark background, with a bright, diagonal beam of light illuminating them from the upper left, creating a strong silhouette effect. The image is framed by a thick black border.

PHOTOGRAPH: HENRIETTA BUTLER

baroque brilliance than even he thought possible — his tiny deadly body flashing round the stage — and Darcey Bussell is all grand simplicity — the still centre of the ballet.

Yet this isn't just a work for the principles. For a supporting quartet, there is

sharp invents a new classicism where razor-cut speed is decorated with lavish sensuality and proportions are thrown into the air and realigned in breathtaking new symmetries. With the ensemble, she has bodies sparking fiercely and edgily off each other, then forming configurations so exquisite they still the heart.

For Mr Wordly Wiseman is that

very rare thing — a company ballet in which every dancer looks important and wonderful. The audience roared its approval but the dancers even more will love Tharp for the gift she's made them.

**THEATRE**  
**Michael Billington**

Mendes, as in his revival of *Cabaret*, has rethought a classic musical from top to bottom. His version may not have the glitz of Prince's original. But he has sharpened the key point: that Sondheim and Furti are writing, with compassionate wit, about a man trying to escape the promiscuous demands of friendship to discover just who and what he is.

It's all a matter of taste. I readily concede there is a faint touch of early Goon Show about Charles Wood's version of Alexandre Dumas' French Romantic drama *The Tower at London's Almeida Theatre*. When, for instance, a loyal servant rushed into a darkened cell looking for his trussed-up leader and cried "*Capitaine, ou êtes-vous?*", the theatre was filled with the sound of barely suppressed sitters.

Yet, for all its occasional absurdities, I found this revival of Dumas' ripe historical melodrama a hundred times more enjoyable than Les Misérables, with all its solemn banalities. For a start, it has a driving, pulsating narrative: something we have lost sight of in modern theatre.

The story revolves around Marguerite de Bourgogne, married to Louis X, who has an unfortunate habit of luring her lovers to a tower, making love to them in masked guise and then somewhat recklessly dispatching them into the Seine. A dashing, handsome

dashing burgundy captain blackmails Marguerite in order to achieve state power and then reveals that two of her lovers are . . . but, no, that would be telling.

Written in 1832, the play has all the qualities you expect of melodrama: fixed characters, bags of plot, an atmosphere of duplicity, lust and intrigue. This undercuts Howard Davies's production, which goes all out for full-blooded conviction and which boasts a magnificent set by John Napier dominated by clattering iron grilles, a crepuscular walkway and a sinister central tower with cryptic torsos embedded in the fabric.

The actors, for the most part, also play it blessedly straight. Sinead Cusack, in leather corset and gingery wig, hurls herself uninhibitedly into the role of the royal adulteress, and Adrian Dunbar is both saturnine and suave as her persecutor. High-down tosh? Probably. But, in the wise words of Kenneth Tynan, the way guffaw presumptuously who guffaw at the naivety of the past: their own naivety may be even greater.

### Letter from Saskatchewan Teresa Harley

*Cold enough for you?*

ONE OF the simple pleasures we praise people have is watching newcomers begin to realise just how fierce our winters can be. "Cold enough for you, yet?" we ask, as toes, eyelashes and everything in between freeze, and are disappointed if the incomer isn't suitably shocked and appalled by the prospect of several months of below-zero temperatures. We always remind them that at least it's a dry cold.

We chuckle over the story of the English immigrant who, fooled by a beautiful blue sky and bright sunshine, went out for a walk in his shirtsleeves when the mercury had slumped to minus twenty. The fun increases if the newcomer has never seen snow before.

During our first winter in Saskatchewan, 38 years ago, my co-workers were disappointed when I wasn't excited about the white stuff, unlike the Australian woman who'd had my job before me. She had gone outside in her nightie and danced in the snow.

A school teacher, following a school bus in her truck, went off the road into the ditch and was stranded for five hours as the driver's cab of her truck filled with snow driven in by the winds. Fortunately, she had a mobile phone, so people knew where she was. But it still took two farmers five hours to get to her, even though they were only a mile or so away. When her rescuer opened the truck door, she was almost completely buried in snow. One of the farmers got his ears and face frostbitten but denied he was a hero. "There was someone out there, so we had to find them," he said.

shocking, even to us old-timers, but we knew we were getting back to normal when the local paper told the story of a doctor who had arrived here from South Africa a few days earlier. On the morning of the blizzard he started work at a hospital in a small town 80 miles south of Saskatoon and spent the next few days getting his first practical experience of treating hypothermia.

Perhaps we'll wait a while before we tell him the joke about the researchers at the University of Saskatchewan, here in Saskatoon, who discovered that people who live in cold climates like ours are more intelligent than the softies who live where it's always nice and warm. The researchers estimate that one more winter like this one and we'll all get smart enough to move some place else.

Where to go, though? We're told by the UN that Canada is the best country in the world to live in. A Canadian economist, using the UN's criteria, has decided that Saskatchewan is the best province. So now the search is on for the best community in Saskatchewan. One reporter put her money on Climap just because of the name. I hear on the radio that they're experiencing their third blizzard of the winter, but I'm sure it's a dry cold.

**Guardian man . . . Boyd, 1972**

## A little piglet goes to market

well be faced with a film about a wet-nosed, orphaned piglet who speaks American and badly wants to become a sheepdog. I know that even you, let alone ferocious little Willie, would balk at that.

As a matter of fact, that's exactly what you'll get if you go along to Chris Noonan's *Babe*. But don't turn tall and run. Just settle down with your popcorn and try to last the first 20 minutes. By that time, you might well be hooked.

When dragging recalcitrant children intent on eating half the quickly over-priced wares in the foyer. Once inside, one might

Now, before getting too enthusiastic because there's a certain intelligence up on the screen at this time of the year, one should

...that George Miller, who made the Mad Max films, is the producer and co-wrote the screenplay. That may persuade him to give it a go.

But it's the general tone that unites, and that is surprisingly rare. Babe (the piglet) is won in a weight-guessing raffle by another Hogget, who allows Fly, sheepdog, to raise him with his puppies. He is also encouraged by an elderly sheep and a equally eccentric duck. Babe manages to avoid becoming a Christmas dinner, and when he does rise him out herding sheep, his tricks are so furious they have to be sedated. The life of Fly is eventually trained up the forthcoming sheepdog league, where

"I leave you and Willie to find what happens, but do tell me," says the author.

As for yourself, I know you like animals and the cat also includes a Yorkshire pig, two border collies, an Indian runner duck, two border Leicester sheep and a little Persian cat. Before seriously, it's the story of someone who badly wants to be different and, in the end, succeeds in doing so by changing the natural order of things. Of course, don't take it all too seriously — now and again, I agree, possibly blind, mice appear at the bottom of the screen, nudging their heads off. One off, one might be Banuel, but I couldn't think of any more.

## A feast of tasty morsels

Sally Singer

The Way We Are  
by Margaret Visser  
Viking 305pp £14

MARGARET VISSER is a South African-born, Toronto-based classicist who has made a name for herself through explorations of the basis of modern eating habits and table manners. Her general theses, as advanced in *Much Depends On Dinner* and *The Rituals Of Dinner*, was hardly original — daily routines and material culture speak volumes about a society, if not a civilisation. But the breadth of her knowledge and the genial, common-sensical tone with which she scoured her findings for evidence of binary oppositions (male/female, public/private) was, somehow, utterly charming: Lévi-Strauss meets Reader's Digest.

In *The Way We Are*, a new collection of her magazine columns, Visser's obsessive, eclectic gaze takes in not only food (caviar, Jell-o, fava beans, etc) and manners (greetings, kisses, dipping), but fashion (high heels, swimwear, gloves), mannerisms (slips of the tongue, blushing, blank-faced stares), seasonal icons and special rituals (Santa Claus, parades, the Easter Bunny) and a host of general categories.

Visser is at her best when discussing on food or fashion; her magpie approach well serves one's desire, in these areas, for the trinketry of detail. Thus we learn that "18th century Irish chickenskin gloves were... cut from the skins of aborted calves, and so fine that they came folded in the shell of a walnut"; or, "restaurants derive their name from a Paris establishment that offered only soups: it advertised them in 1765 as restaurants divins, divine restorers"; or, "Braniff International ended the plain plane in 1966, offering 'stews' (stewardesses) who made several costume changes en route, ending with hot pants." Visser asserts that "with the baby

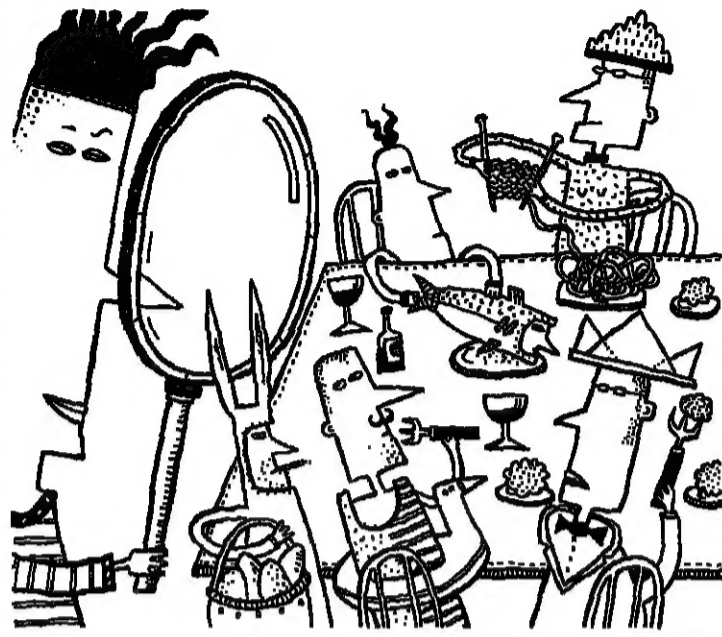


ILLUSTRATION BY SPINE GERRILL

boom following the second world war, we knitted hysterically for our offspring" and reminds us that once, swimsuits were more like winter jumpers than gym-wear — "there was a feeling that wool kept one warm in the water". She relates the advice offered by the Jell-o company to customers wishing to fill a swimming pool with the colourful, quivering stuff — "It is simply not wise to risk getting it up one's nose"; and by the vegetarian Pythagoras to his followers: "Abstain from beans!" The essays which proceed from a more general query — the meaning of a colour or a gesture — are less effective.

In place of lively historical titbits, Visser can succumb to Desmond Morris-like blanket pronouncements about "universal" cultural meanings and un-ironic adages better suited to needlepoint samplers: "A very good way to defuse and rise above a crowd's content is to make an even larger crowd laugh with you, even if it's at yourself." Surprisingly, her pithy mix of anecdote and analogy also proves ill-

suited to discussions of folkloric figures and practices, like Santa Claus and valentines, whose mysterious origins and myriad incarnations require a more rigorous investigator. Still, even when less than convincing as social criticism, there is something winning about Visser's writing. She has such faith in human ingenuity, in the world we've inherited and the one we've made, and wants so much to awaken us to its possibilities and potentials (for example, we can save the sturgeon population if only we give up our historically and class-specific taste for caviar), that it is impossible not to enjoy her whimsical yet learned musings.

A final note: a curious editorial decision has led to a brief bibliography appearing at the end of each essay. If Visser's sources had been grouped together at the end of the collection, they would have seemed formidably diverse. As presented, however, they are revealed (to repeat a phrase of John Updike's) as the skimpy grey underwear beneath the finery of the finished article.

## Poor Citizen Gates needs to get a life

Robin Hunt

The Road Ahead  
by Bill Gates  
Viking 286pp £17.50

THE THING about Orson Welles's *Citizen Kane* was, at least he got into trouble over girls, and had the good grace to make his Xanadu a gothic nightmare.

Until recent reports that Microsoft is being investigated over claims that its Windows 95 deliberately disables rival Internet software, we have enjoyed no such excitement with our very own Kane, Bill Gates. True or not, the suggestion does introduce a certain snaky charm to the man who founded Microsoft.

This is a quality sadly lacking in *Citizen Gates*'s 286 pages of blue skies, mirvans — and not a mention of God anywhere.

The nearest we get to personal revelation is on page 206: "I used to date a woman who lived in a different city. We spent a lot of time together on e-mail. And we figured out a

way we could sort of go to the movies together. We'd find a film that was playing at about the same time in both our cities. We'd drive to our respective theatres, chatting on our cellular phones. We'd watch the movie, and on our way home we'd use our cellular phones to discuss the show."

Passionate times ahead, then? The problem with *The Road Ahead* is that it is full of this bloodless, no fluids please, we're on-line future-speak.

Sure Gates has the vision thing; he's had that far longer than most of us, but he isn't exactly a preacher, more the conference speaker who gets the first slot after lunch.

Functionally written, combining a host of the most "basic" computer facts with the Teflon utopianism of a successful 19th century medicine man, *The Road Ahead* offers an easy infobahn-like view that should appeal to everyone — if they can stomach the leaden prose.

Hence: "It is human nature to find ways to convert synchronous communications into asynchronous forms."

It tries in vain to make Gates a Lord Reith of the Net waves. A social thinker.

Gates's theses is commonplace. Open Net access to all, learning for life, global communication, lovely talk-to-granny video-conferences, e-mail. Gates feels free to leave the social problems to some government, somewhere. But not all social problems. "When teachers do excellent work and prepare wonderful materials, only their few dozen pupils benefit each year," Gates writes.

What he means is that if Microsoft were to own teachers' material then all that thinking could be turned into software. Windows, not only 95, but 99, 2004 and even 3954.

He is a rich young man, with seemingly only virtual interests; one who goofed off from Harvard, where he enjoyed poker more than studying, to set up Microsoft.

Who knows, if he'd stayed on he might even have dated more women in the same city. Or realised that being a have-not was about more than not possessing a lap-top computer.

## Farewell to all that

David McKie

Who Goes Home? Scenes from a Political Life  
by Roy Hattersley  
Little, Brown 316 pp £17.99

MICHAEL FOOT, that dear, doomed leader of the Labour Party, once wrote an astringent letter to his subordinate Roy Hattersley, requiring his resignation from the Labour front bench. Not for heretical doctrine or words spoken out of turn: the offence, as the culprit at last discovered, was his leader's tirade reached its end, was that he had blasphemed in the *Guardian* Endpiece column against Foot's cherished heroine, Dorothy Parker.

I have to say, in much the same spirit, that despite its delights, this farewell to political life (Hattersley is due to retire at the next election) knocks a huge and perhaps irreparable hole in its author's credibility. This is not because he's bowed out with an entertainment, rather than a political credo, or one of those ponderous works of auto-hagiography with which politicians shuffling off into oblivion — so often choose to weigh down the library shelves.

Though he treats them without solemnity, the characteristic Hattersley themes are here. The grief at what was done to Labour at the start of the eighties by comrades who chickened out and fanatics who stayed; the frustrations of a life which might have been given to government and has largely been lived

in opposition; above all, the fierce commitment to preaching equality, the dimming of which among the commanding heights of his party has made him, in recent months, the least expected and most compelling critic of the Blair revolution.

What makes this book such a joy is that it explains what so often baffles outsiders: why it is that people get so hooked on the vocation, trade, pastime and game which is political life. It's full of enticing stories of friends and foes alike. There is Stafford Cripps, in something close to a fit of the vapours at the very idea of manipulating a budget for political gain. There's Hugh Dalton, arranging a disastrous lunch after Crosland's first marriage and chortling as the not-very-happy couple depart: "Well, I think that got them off to a very bad start."

In a word, it's a treat. Except for the collapse by the end of Hattersley's credibility. Fans of Endpiece will not be too thrown by close colleagues misspelled, Blackpool hotels misnamed, Neil Kinnock sent to the wrong university, even Wigwag losing the Rugby League cup final in a year when Leeds played Wakefield Trinity. But some things go too deep for forgiveness. Bad enough that even a Sheffield Wednesday supporter should believe that Norman Hunter of Leeds and England played at right-back. But for this celebrated Yorkshireman to refer to an opening bowler called "Tunman" is more than the spirit can bear. High time Michael Foot wrote him another letter.

## The last word in trivia

James Wood

The Reader's Companion to Twentieth-Century Writers  
edited by Peter Parker  
4th Estate 825pp £25

LAST YEAR, Peter Parker and his contributors produced a reference book that was also a distinguished exercise in criticism. *The Reader's Companion To The Twentieth-Century Novel*. This is the companion to that companion — the back door, so to speak, to the earlier edifice, through which all the important gossip and trade must flow.

As before, Parker's contributors have been encouraged to spike their entries with a little high-proof poison, and the result is a book that reads less like a study-aid than a collection of acute essays. Minor writers, on the whole, are seen as minor; and unstable reputations are not kept unfairly aloft. Nicholson Baker, for instance, is seen through a long tunnel, as he should be; and how quickly he disappears! At first, Baker could do little wrong where critics were concerned; his books, however, have made a steadily diminishing impact.

Parker's last book judged most of the important English-language novels of the 20th century; his new one judges the important trivia. Entertaining it is, too. The critic William Empson gave his two sons three Christmas narries each: one from Afrikaans (he married a South African), one from English, and one from a town captured by the Allies on the day each son was born. So we have, in the case of one of them, "Jacobus Arthur Cales".

The errors are typos: an occasional unwillingness to interrupt

delightful gossip with the embarrassments of mortality (neither Frederick Exley nor Howard Nemerov are alive, contrary to what this book might wish for them). But the book feels impressively invulnerable. To write of Henry Green that he was "quintessentially English — he disliked reading any book set abroad" is to paint a myth; one of Green's favourite writers was Céline, and he told one interviewer that he kept Kafka's journals by his bedside.

Certain entries read as if they had been ghosted by National Geographic Magazine. Is it enough to say only that VS Pritchett's autobiographies "provide a fascinating glimpse of bygone days"? Or that James Kelman lives in "a tenement" (he does not; my sister shared a landing with him for five years) and "drinks and smokes hard, frequents bars, likes his tea strong, often has a beard, and is reputed to be a fierce interviewee". Often has a beard, eh? Doesn't one hear, at such moments, the clatter of closing ranks, somewhere at the back of a very small and unimportant London literary party? But such swerves are rare. Though it is not as instructive nor as enthralling as its big brother, it is funny, acute and quietly cruel. One suspects that literary companions will never be the same again.

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From Philip Roth's Mickey Sabbath to Gitta Sereny's Albert Speer, 1995 will go down as the year of the monster book judging by who has been reading what

## The best of tomes

Adam Mars-Jones

Two in the Booker intake whose cause I was unable to advance: Penelope Fitzgerald's *The Blue Flower* (Fleming, £14.99), a minor miracle of sympathy and crispness; and Richard Francis's *Talking Apart* (Poco POCO (Fourth Estate, £9.99), which took an almost ostentatiously standard subject — a day in the life of a nuclear family (plus, crucially, Raymond the dog) in an English town — and treated it with delicate intensity.

Jenny Turner

February, usually the darkest month, this year had the power to light the whole year. It brought Gillian Rose's novel *Love's Work* (Chatto, £9.99), a tough, passionate philosophical memoir about not despairing. And also Morvern Callar by Alan Warner (Cape, £9.99): a rare girl, a Scottish superstore, the author's death and a yearning romanticism all in one.

William Trevor

Genesis is not easy to portray. In Lewis Carroll (Macmillan, £25) Morion Cohen succeeds impressively in connecting the diffident, stuttering clergyman who was

Charles Dodgson with the inspired, sharp-witted author. Meticulously researched and notably well-written, this is a biography that revisits the temptation to dress assumption as fact or to tease too much out of the blend of innocence and high sophistication that coloured the life of a remarkable and complicated personality.

Jonathan Coe

In the year when British publishing standards came under sustained attack from market forces, let's salute three heroic, uncommercial ventures: Harvill's publication of *The Poet*, a marvellous novel by the Korean writer Yi Mun-yol (£8.99); and Viking's commitment to

two monumental translations — Albert Cohen's massive smugness *Belle du Seigneur* (£20), and a 200-year-old wonder, the weird labyrinthine *Manuscript Found In Saragossa* by Jan Potocki (£16). One of the home-grown novels I most enjoyed was Michael Bracewell's *Saint Rachel* (Cape, £9.99), misleadingly flouted as a "Prozac" novel, but really a dark comedy of English inertia.

Blake Morrison

Richard Ford's *Independence Day* (Harvill, £14.99) is a wonderful, meandering long weekend of a novel which contains one of the great heart-stopping scenes of recent literature when sportswriter-turned-estate agent and divorcee Frank Bascombe takes his son to the Baseball Hall of Fame. In Michael Longley's *The Ghost Orchid* (Cape, £7), a big poet works delicately with minimalist forms, like a heavyweight waltzing a chihuahua.

James Wood

*Sabbath's Theater* by Philip Roth (Cape, £15.99): In time this will be seen as Roth's best novel so far. Mickey Sabbath, Roth's diabolic hero, is a Nietzschean monster, who wants, in the old nihilistic tradition, to make death appear to us more desirable than life. Albert Camus's *The First Man* (Hamish Hamilton, £14.99) lovingly retrieves his childhood in Algiers. Here is not the philosophical, but the carnal Camus; instead of pondering the struggle of existence, he savours the details that help us survive it.

Michael Billington

Philip Hoare's Noel Coward (Scribner, £25), a fascinating portrait of a man propelled by fame, applause and his own inner conviction; but also a man curiously cut off from daily reality, which was the source of his eventual decline. The great discovery of my reading year was a novel written in 1884, *La Regenta* by Leopoldo Alas (Penguin, £9.99), a towering masterpiece about the battle between a powerful priest and a heartless Don Juan for the body and soul of a judge's wife.

Ian Jack

*The Railway Man* by Eric Lomax (Jonathan Cape, £15.99), the story of how Lomax, tortured by the Japanese, eventually comes to forgive one of his torturers. I thought the particular trick and delight of it was its portrayal of a British obsession with objects — in Lomax's case, railways — and how that sustained him through the worst of times. The *Revolt of the Elites* by Christopher Lasch (Norton, £16.95) is the last indictment of the new capitalism from the late Professor Lasch, whose thoughts aren't easily categorised and all the better for that: there are arguments here that would appeal to Tony Blair and Michael Portillo.

Erio Hobebawm

Neal Ascherson's *Black Sea* (Cape, £17.99), for a combination of intelligence, sensitivity and knowledge of the subject. Robert Harris's *Enigma* (Hutchinson, £15.99), because it's a very good thriller and because it's about Bletchley, a source of great fascination. *The Encyclopedia of New York* (Yale, £40), edited by Kenneth T. Jackson, almost as endless as New York itself, and Gitta Sereny's *Albert Speer* (Macmillan, £25), for the intrinsic interest of its subject and the intrinsic passion of its author.

Naom Chomsky

Elizabeth Fones-Wolf's *Selling Free Enterprise* (University of Illinois, £16.95) is the first major study of the huge corporate propaganda offensive after World War II to try to overcome the social-democratic currents that were then domi-



nant. Norman Finkelstein's *Image and Reality of the Israel-Palestine Conflict* (Verso, £14.95) is the most revealing study of the historical background of the conflict and the current peace agreement. Mark Curtis's *The Ambiguities of Power* (Zed, £14.95) is an extremely scholarly study of British post-war foreign policy.

Candice McWilliam

Penelope Fitzgerald's *The Blue Flower* (Fleming, £14.99) is a novel in which the unsaid speaks; it is a masterpiece. Morvern Callar by Alan Warner (Cape, £9.99) is a wild tale of death and pleasure, conveying at the same time a paradoxical innocent happiness in an urban desert not distance from Oman. It contains some remarkable nature writing. *Theatre of Memory* (Verso, £18.95), by Raphael Samuel, offers a generous and hopeful understanding of the past and how it affects our society and the individual.

Julian Critchley

Roy Jenkins's *Gladstone* (Macmillan, £20) has brilliantly filled the hiatus left for 30 years since the publication of Sir Philip Magnus's biography. Simon Heffer's *Carlyle* (Weldenfeld & Nicolson, £20) — not the most attractive of Scotsmen, but a volume into which much work had been put. Otherwise, the second volume of the *Letters of John Betjeman* (Methuen, £9.99), an admirable act of filial piety. The worst book? Krug and Shepherd's *Pie: A Short Life of Lord Archer of Weston-Super-Mare*, by Alastair McAlpine.

John Updike

Shaken and enlightened by Galatea 2.2, by Richard Powers, published in the UK in June 1995 (Abacus, £9.99), starring a computer that holds within its circuits a little girl as tear-wrenching as any orphan in Dickens. While winging my way to England, I kept myself calm with the Penguin edition of *The Europeans* by Henry James (£1.99): a nice thing about the transatlantic James is that there is always more of him to read. This small, early novel is dry and crisp and very clear about what the author thought the differences between the New and Old Worlds were.

Naomi Wolf

Claire Messud's breathtaking first novel, *When the World Was Ready* (Granta, £5.99), stuns the reader who considers that a 29-year-old woman could so fully imagine the

lonely journeys of the two middle-aged sisters. Geraldine Brooks's *Nine Parts of Desire* (Hamish Hamilton, £15.99) is a courageous and sensitive exploration of the two often invisible worlds of women in Islamic countries. The Dalai Lama's *The Power of Compassion* (Aquarian, £8.99) is a tolerant and unpretentious guide to what we can only hope will soon become a less sectarian and more compassionate world.

Colin Tolbin

*Stones of Aran: Pilgrimage* by Tim Robinson (Lilliput, £20), a loving anatomy of the largest of the Aran Islands off the west coast of Ireland, in which the point where nature and culture meet in the island is observed with great beauty and precision. My *Alexandria* by Mark Doty (Cape, £7) was a big discovery — a new American poet published for the first time on this side. Formally perfect, with wonderful control of the stanza; but the tone is never beautiful for its own sake — there's a real urgency about what's being said. And New and Selected Poems by Michael O'Loughlin (New Ireland Books, £5.99), one of the most neglected Irish poets: poems written from his long exile in Amsterdam, meditations on the ruins of Europe, on history and exile; the tone wry and exact.

Elaine Showalter

In the night, men are crying, and women are reading about it. I very much enjoyed Martin Amis's *The Information* (Fleming, £15.99), Nick Hornby's *High Fidelity* (Gollancz, £14.99), Richard Rayner's *The Blue Suit* (Picador, £9.99), and especially Philip Norman's *Everyone's Gone to the Moon* (Hutchinson, £15.99) — about the glory days of London journalism.

Francis Wheen

The Prince and Princess of Wales are allowed to have their say, but when their old servant Wendy Berry produced her own account of life at Highgrove, *The Housekeeper's Diary* (Barricade, £19.95), she was promptly injunctioned. Having read it, I can see why: if Berry is to be believed the Princess's yearning to love everyone does not extend to the below-stairs classes. Copies can be obtained by mail order from American bookshops.

John Ryle

The Huasteca are the Ogoni of Ecuador — indigenous people whose land and resources have

been exploited without qualm by outsiders, notably the Conoco oil company, in calcoots with the Ecuadorian government. *Savages*, by Joe Kane (published by Alfred A Knopf in the US; not yet in the UK), is an uncommonly well researched and elegantly written account of this clash of cultures, free of sentimentality and romantic primitivism, the besetting vices of the genre. *Bury Me Standing* by Isabel Fonseca (Chatto & Windus, £19) is an equally accomplished account of another minority, strangers on our doorstep, the Gypsies of eastern Europe. These are books on subjects that are hard to write about with decorum and without tedium, but they succeed admirably.

Julian Barnes

Rush Limbaugh likes to stroke the ditto-heads in his audience with a line about not seeking the death of every single liberal and communist. No, he explains jocosely, each college campus should have a couple of liberals on display, just so that right-thinking folks can see what a fossil looks like. The spikiest fossil around is still Gore Vidal, and if it's too much to hope that the ditto-heads could be jolted by Palimpsest (André Deutsch, £20), the rest of us should still applaud Mr Vidal's stirring lack of mellowing in this, his autobiography; may he have long life and much free ink. Art books are rarely readable, even when their texts are good. The illustrations inevitably assert themselves — every picture does indeed tell a story, so why should we listen to anything further? But Mark Stroud's little book, *Edward Hopper* (Ecco Press, \$12) cleverly revises this given. Its pictures are in poor black and white, while the text is dominant, acute, colourful and brief. Equally jargon-free is Kay Redfield Jamison's *The Unquiet Mind* (published in the UK next April by Picador, £15.99), a compelling account of manic depression by a self-studying professor of psychiatry.

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